

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 72, Vol. 3.

March 14, 1857.

PRICE 5d.
Stamped 6d.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE present condition of the popular mind is, we think, neither very reasonable nor very intelligible. The country is on the eve of a General Election which promises to be one of the most exciting that have taken place for the last twenty years. At the corner of every street, before the fire at your club, jammed up in an evening party, you meet old gentlemen in a state of bitterness, and old ladies in a condition of frenzy, which is comically puzzling. The least soothing question which you can put to a person in a passion is to ask him what it is all about—otherwise we should be disposed to inquire of these AJAXES and CASSANDRAS of the hour, what in the world is the matter?

"The Government has been beaten." Well, no doubt that is a very terrible event, especially to Secretaries, Under-Secretaries, Private Secretaries, and all other Secretaries. But, after all, it is a thing that has happened before, and, in spite of all that may be said about it, may even happen again, if the world lasts a little longer. One gentleman thinks Sir J. BOWRING the perfection of human wisdom—another is disposed to doubt his infallibility. One man thinks the consumption of opium an injurious practice—another has the best reason for knowing that your confirmed opium-eater is the only really healthy subject. One gentleman is of opinion that "by an irresistible destiny the Anglo-Saxon race must conquer the Chinese barbarians"—another gentleman is disposed to think that it is as well, if possible, to be on civil terms with your customers, and that the plea of "irresistible destiny" had better be reserved for the dock of the Old Bailey. *Quot homines tot sententiae* is neither a new saying, nor is the fact which it expresses a modern discovery. But, after all, what, in the name of common sense, is the hubbub about?

It appears that some fifty gentlemen who are in the habit of supporting a Liberal policy, and who would, if they could find it, support a Liberal Government, happened to disapprove the conduct of Sir J. BOWRING, while Lord PALMERSTON approved it. Therefore these gentlemen are assailed by every species of invective—they are charged with the basest motives, and the most odious machinations—their characters are attacked, and their services forgotten—and nothing will satisfy the friends of Lord PALMERSTON but a universal ostracism of every supporter of Mr. COBDEN's resolution. Considering, however, that this class includes every single member distinguished by political experience and intellectual power who is not actually connected with the Government, it will perhaps hardly be thought that such a system of wholesale exclusion will tend to improve the character or respectability of the House of Commons. Even if the most sanguine hopes of the Secretary of the Treasury could be realized, and the next Parliament be purged of the presence of Mr. COBDEN and Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Mr. HERBERT, Sir F. BARING and Mr. CARDWELL, Sir J. GRAHAM and Mr. DISRAELI, Lord STANLEY, Sir F. THESIGER and Mr. WALPOLE, however convenient such an arrangement might be to a Cabinet not strong in debate, we doubt whether the country would be permanently satisfied with the *Parliamentum indoctum* which we are promised.

After all, what is the question which, even according to these ultra-Ministerial partisans, is to be put to the country? As far as we can make out, it is simply a protest against a Coalition which does not exist, and in favour of a war which no one approves. As to the "Coalition," it may be very well to cram provincial *gobemouches* with stories of clandestine cabals and secret treaties; but no rational or well-informed man sees, in the vote on Mr. COBDEN's resolution, anything more than a concurrence of opinion on a subject which hardly

admits of discussion. It would be almost as rational to talk of a "coalition" in favour of the multiplication-table or the first proposition in Euclid. There are subjects on which the Chief RABBI and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY may be permitted to entertain similar opinions without being exorcised as renegades, or exposed to the imputation of an "unprincipled coalition." And wherein lies the sting of the charge of "coalition?" We imagine, in the imputation it conveys of a sacrifice of political conviction to party combinations. But to whom does this imputation most strictly apply—to those who voted according to their convictions, though a Government might be dissolved, or to those who violated their consciences, in order that a Government might be saved? We do not say that the latter course may not possibly, under some circumstances, be justifiable, but it does seem to us somewhat unreasonable to assert that the former must necessarily be wicked. It is certainly those who avowedly vote in the teeth of their convictions, and not those who vote in accordance with them, who should *prima facie* be put to their apology. Mr. ELLICE, a shrewd and experienced politician, has issued what we assume is intended to be a model address for conscience-stricken Liberals. Does he approve of the Chinese policy? On the contrary, he says—"I did not approve, and sincerely lament, the extreme measures to which our civil and military authorities in China have carried their proceedings on their own responsibility, and without direct instructions from home." Why, these are, as near as may be, the very words of Mr. COBDEN's resolution. But does Mr. ELLICE think that the matter had gone too far to make Parliamentary interference possible or expedient? So far from it, he proceeds thus:—"It would seem full time that this practice of involving the country in wars in the East, except under the pressing necessities of self-defence, should be brought more directly within the control of Parliament." And so Mr. ELLICE votes against the first motion which is calculated to carry into operation the Parliamentary control, which he thinks it is full time to introduce.

Of all the supporters of the Government, hardly one, in addressing his constituents, has thought it right to defend the conduct of Sir J. BOWRING. They have, almost without exception, sought to absolve the Government at the expense of the subordinate. Probably if England were polled to-morrow, there would hardly be found a dozen men who would vote for the continuance of Sir J. BOWRING in the conduct of affairs in China; yet if Ministers had succeeded in defeating Mr. COBDEN's motion, there Sir J. BOWRING would have remained. The testimony of Mr. LINDSAY is express on this point. He tells us that he asked Lord PALMERSTON if he would replace Sir J. BOWRING by an efficient and discreet man in whom the country would have confidence, and that it was only on the PREMIER's absolutely refusing to do so that the Liberal members determined on supporting Mr. COBDEN's resolution. It is, therefore, solely to the defeat of the Government that the determination to send out a Plenipotentiary is due. It is difficult to conceive how persons who think that the conduct of affairs ought to be taken out of the hands of Sir J. BOWRING can disapprove so vehemently of the only means by which that result could be accomplished. But for the vote of the House of Commons, the country would have been committed to carrying on the war under the direction of a man whose judgment every one distrusts.

But then, says Mr. ELLICE, in almost so many words, "I could not vote for Mr. COBDEN's resolution, though I entirely agreed with it, from feelings of gratitude to Lord PALMERSTON." This is a somewhat alarming doctrine, because it would equally apply to a war with France, a repeal of the Reform Act or of Catholic Emancipation, a restoration of

the Corn Laws, or any other policy to which the Government might happen accidentally to commit itself. Lord JOHN RUSSELL has touched this line of reasoning with that grave and quiet irony of which he is so eminently a master. In his address to the electors of London he says—"I cheerfully applauded the vigour of Lord PALMERSTON in carrying on war, and his moderation in making peace; but to support wanton and unnecessary hostilities on account of the merit of a Minister in a contest which is past, seems to me a mode of testifying national gratitude wholly indefensible." Some people seem to imagine that the most appropriate and acceptable testimonial for Lord PALMERSTON's services would be to present him with a neat pocket war. The idea is, however, somewhat Gothic; and a memorial to a favourite minister, framed out of Chinese skulls, seems more appropriate to the Hall of Odin than to the Palace of Westminster. We are as grateful as any of his followers to Lord PALMERSTON for his services in the late war; but we confess we should prefer some more European and lasting monument to his fame than the proposed pyramid of pigtails.

We are glad to see that Lord JOHN RUSSELL has the manliness to stand up against the senseless clamour with which it is sought to drown the voice of reason and to silence the convictions of thoughtful and independent men. A less courageous man would have shrunk from the contest; but it is impossible not to admire the firmness with which the old leader of the Liberal party has called upon the men who profess an attachment to Liberal principles to prove whether they are prepared to abide by them, or, with an inconsiderate levity, to cast them overboard as a precious sacrifice to a wild, unreasoning cry. It is assumed that it is a sufficient condemnation of a politician to prove that he is unpopular. Lord NORTH was the popular Minister of England at the time when BURKE was turned out of Bristol. The merchants of that day were as much enamoured of the American war as those of our own time can be of the Canton bombardment. Mr. BURKE went to the poll at Bristol, and was defeated, as Lord JOHN RUSSELL may be in the City of London. But the noble Lord may well address his constituents in the same language as was held by Mr. BURKE nearly eighty years ago:—"If you call upon me, I shall solicit the favour of the City on manly grounds. I come before you with the plain confidence of an honest servant in the equity of a candid and discerning master. I come to claim your approbation, not to amuse you with vain apologies. Gentlemen, we must not be peevish with those who serve the people. Depend upon it that the lovers of freedom will be free. None will violate their conscience to please us, in order afterwards to discharge that conscience which they have violated, by doing us faithful and affectionate service. Let me say, with plainness, that if by a fair, by an indulgent, by a gentlemanly behaviour to our representatives, we do not give confidence to their minds, and a liberal scope to their understandings—if we do not permit our members to act upon a very enlarged view of things—we shall at length infallibly degrade our national representation into a confused and scuffling hustle of local agency. As to the opinion of the people, which some think is to be implicitly obeyed, when we know that the opinions of even the greatest multitudes are the standard of rectitude, I shall think myself obliged to make those opinions the masters of my conscience. No man carries further than I do the policy of making Government pleasing to the people. But the widest range of this politic complaisance is confined within the limits of justice. I would not only consult the interest of the people, but I would cheerfully gratify their humours. We are all a sort of children that must be soothed and managed. I think I am not austere or proud in my nature. I would bear, I would even myself play my part in, any innocent buffoneries to divert them. But I never will act the tyrant for their amusement. If they will mix malice in their sports, I shall never consent to throw them any living sentient creature whatever, no, not so much as a killing, to torment. But 'if I profess all this impolitic stubbornness, I may chance never to be elected to Parliament.' It is certainly not pleasing to be put out of the public service. But I wish to be a member of Parliament to bear my share of doing good and resisting evil. It would therefore be absurd to renounce my objects in order to obtain my seat." Lord JOHN RUSSELL has made his appeal to the Liberal party—let us see whether they will answer as they did that of Mr. BURKE. If they do, they will have none but themselves to thank should they chance to be visited with the same consequences.

OXFORD AND BLANDFORD.

AMONG the thousand election rumours which are flitting about, there are two—one of them certainly, the other almost certainly, unfounded—which seem to us especially illustrative of the line of policy which thorough-going supporters of the Ministry intend to follow in the coming contest. It has been whispered that Lord PALMERSTON is to be started for the University of Cambridge, and Lord BLANDFORD for the University of Oxford. The same idea lies at the basis of both these curious projects—the idea of uniting the Liberals and the Evangelical religious body against the supposed Coalition of Conservatives and Liberal-Conservatives; but the two Universities are treated with very different degrees of respect by the authors of the plan. No Cambridge man would feel insulted by a proposal to confide the representation of his University to Lord PALMERSTON; but that low estimate of the intellect of Oxford which is characteristic of the Evangelical confederacy must have suggested the substitution of a feeble and narrow-minded religionist for the first orator and logician in the House of Commons. What, however, is best worth noticing in these rumours is the indication they afford of a deliberate and systematic attempt to alienate the Liberals in the constituencies from that phase of opinion which, for want of a better name, we must call Liberal-Conservatism. The notion of trying the experiment even in Oxford, where the alliance of the Liberal and Liberal-Conservative parties has just resulted in improvements which have probably added centuries to the existence of the University, shows the warmth of the hopes which inspire Mr. CORPOCK's energy; and indeed the difficulties under which a Liberal-Conservative is placed must be obvious to every one. If the country is really persuaded to go to the poll on the question of "Hurrah for PALMERSTON," all persons who do not throw up their caps are, of course, in danger of being classed under the same head. A Coalition used to be a name for a personal union of statesmen professing antagonistic principles; but, if principles are to go for nothing in the elections of next month, who can say whether he is, or is not, an advocate for a Coalition? Yet it may not be too late to protest against this perversion of political ideas, and to ask the Liberal party, at Oxford and elsewhere, to consider the relation in which they stand to the Liberal-Conservatives.

The extension of the franchise is probably the question which would be selected by most of the PREMIER's partisans as the test of Liberalism in domestic policy. If this criterion be applied to Lord PALMERSTON, of whom Lord BLANDFORD is the etiolated shadow, and to Lord ABERDEEN, or Mr. GLADSTONE, what results does it give! Political reputations have been won and lost during the last three years with extraordinary rapidity; but it certainly is slightly surprising that, out of all the members of the late Cabinet, Lord PALMERSTON should alone be thought worthy of the confidence of a party which hangs together by its zeal for a new Reform Bill. Is it absolutely forgotten that the ABERDEEN Ministry contained but one man who thought it his duty to resign rather than consent to the extension of the electoral basis—and that that man was Lord PALMERSTON? Indeed, any one who takes the trouble to think soberly on the matter will discern the very strongest improbability that Lord PALMERSTON will ever be brought to authorize even the slightest change in the qualifications of Parliamentary electors. The present franchise is the very one of all others which confides political power to the class which he assiduously courts, and which responds with alacrity to his advances. A few pounds more, or a few pounds less, would reduce the pure Palmerstonians to a nullity. If the constituencies were determined by a rather higher franchise, the electors would laugh in the face of the PREMIER's Evangelical Bishops. If the franchise were a little lower, the electoral body would consist of men too earnestly zealous for domestic reform to take overmuch interest in the diplomacy of the Foreign Office. But the constituencies, as at present constituted, are largely influenced by elders of meeting-houses and by the *Morning Advertiser*. They contain thousands of husbands of mothers of Christian Young Men, and thousands of admirers of the literary productions of Mr. MORRIS MOORE and Mr. STEWART ROLAND. Does anybody really believe that Lord PALMERSTON, at his time of life, will throw away the certainty of popularity which he now enjoys, or that, surrendering an ascertained position in the existing House of Commons, he

will adventure himself on the unknown sea of a re-reformed Parliament?

The approaching contest will, however, be influenced by questions of foreign rather than of domestic policy. In contrasting such acts and opinions of English statesmen as bear on these questions, we might fairly ask whether, for example, the discredit into which the King of NAPLES has fallen—a discredit which constitutes the sole advantage gained recently by European freedom—is more attributable to the Neapolitan Letters of Mr. GLADSTONE or to the stumbling diplomacy of the Western Powers. But there is one subject which, more than any other, as it seems to us, draws a sharp line of separation between the false and the true friends of Continental liberty. It is easy to affect suspicion of the King of PRUSSIA, or the Emperor of AUSTRIA, or the Emperor of RUSSIA, for each of whom every Englishman has a fund of appropriate vituperative language at command; but when a Sovereign who has risen on the ruins of a Parliamentary system flatters us by becoming our ally in war, and dazzles us by the material splendour of his administration in peace, it becomes more difficult to steer a just course between jealousy and sycophancy. The freedom which was destroyed in France, unlike that which from time to time has had the patronage of the PREMIER, was no mere counterfeit of liberty—it had energy, vitality, and masculinity; and any English statesman whose acts or words betray that he does not look on its overthrow as the last of misfortunes to the civilized world, is guilty of treason against the Constitution under whose shadow he lives. We claim no positive merit for the Liberal-Conservative statesmen on the score of their attitude towards France, though nothing can be more certain than that the subordination of this country to her ally in the late war began at the very moment when the present Ministry came into office; but we do say that the members of the Government who then quitted power are the only body of public men in England not sullied by that servility to a successful despot which at different times has dishonourably distinguished Lord DERBY, Lord PALMERSTON, and Mr. DISRAELI.

We have not the least belief that Lord BLANDFORD will insult the University of Oxford by allowing his name to be brought forward. To have quitted a University without obtaining a degree is at least a novel qualification for representing it. If, however, Lord BLANDFORD should yield to injudicious friends, and if the Oxford Liberals should be in doubt as to their course, we recommend them to study Mr. GLADSTONE's public acts, undisturbed by the false issues which the Ministerial electioneers have raised. The etiquette of a University election does not admit of the usual communications between the candidates and the constituency; but we presume that the Oxford electors will have no difficulty in obtaining from their present representatives any fair explanation of the principles on which they are acting. Mr. GLADSTONE's singular and most inopportune pertinacity in speaking and dividing against the present Ministry in a dying Parliament, may perhaps have produced impressions which he would be glad to dispel.

THE LAST COALITION.

WE regret to say that the House of Commons, on Thursday last, was again the scene of one of those disgraceful Coalitions which have lately shocked the moral sense of the country. The House has had the audacity to differ with the PRIME MINISTER respecting the relative merits of certain public servants of the Crown. Having disapproved of Sir J. BOWRING, our representatives have now actually approved of the Crimean Commissioners. On the one occasion the PRIME MINISTER went to the division—on the other he did not. We remember a story of an eminent advocate who, reviewing his forensic career, said—"In my time I have won many verdicts which I ought to have lost, and lost many verdicts which I ought to have won; so on the whole, justice was done." It seems to us that Lord PALMERSTON proceeds on the same doctrine of averages. He approves of some public servants who ought to be condemned, and condemns some public servants who ought to be approved of, and so, on the whole, justice is done. There is a gallantry about the PREMIER's plan of backing up his subordinates which it is impossible not to admire. There is no merit in supporting an official who is in the right—his own virtue, and a thousand pounds, is "the more natural and appropriate acknowledgment of services of that description." The real

sympathy of a generous Minister is reserved for the man who has got the country into a scrape, and cooked up for us one of "England's little wars." The notion of rewarding men whose services are now two years old is, we are told, a "complete anachronism." The thing might have been very well "when all the attention of the Government, stimulated by the impulse of the House of Commons," was turned to army reform; but that is all over now. The Commissioners were a tub to the whale; but, now that the whale is gone, it is not worth while to heave-to in order to pick up the tub. The tool has served its purpose—let it be flung away. There is nothing, after all, like standing by your subordinates.

This style of reasoning would have been, no doubt, perfectly conclusive and satisfactory to Parliament if it had not been for a new and still more unprincipled coalition than any of those which we have lately witnessed. We are sorry to say that, in spite of the severe lessons which have been read to the House of Commons, and with the fear of a penal dissolution before their eyes, the factious Opposition has been engaged in a second conspiracy. The Coalition in favour of MCNEILL and TULLOCH is, if possible, even more nefarious than that got up in the interest of YEH. The tea-trade not being involved in it, even the member for Liverpool has joined in the treasonable design to defeat the Government. With this addition, the elements of the new Coalition are the same as those of the old one. Radicals, Peelites, Derbyites, and, we fear, even some Whigs, have treacherously conspired to acknowledge the services of the Crimean Commissioners. What is a Minister to do against such an unprincipled combination? "He, for one, will not divide the House." But, pray, why not? Was not Mr. ELLICE with the rest of the trusty band at his back; and, though they might think that the Commissioners had been ill-used, yet their gratitude to Lord PALMERSTON for his conduct in the late war would, no doubt, have induced them to vote against the address. The same system of private cabal seems to have been carried on in the MCNEILL-TULLOCH Coalition as in the former instance. Mr. HERBERT admits that in several private interviews he had urged upon Lord PALMERSTON the propriety of recognising the services of the Commissioners. He confesses that he did all he could to prevent the matter being brought before the House, by urging the PREMIER to settle it satisfactorily. Why, is not this as bad as Mr. LINDSAY, who asked Lord PALMERSTON to send out a Plenipotentiary to China, and then voted against him because he refused? However, the cup of the iniquity of the present Parliament is full. Lord PALMERSTON has hardly appealed to the country against one Coalition when he is made the victim of another. *Quousque tandem?* We shall soon have a new House of Commons which will set everything straight, and then Sir J. BOWRING will have a peerage for his judicious untruths, and the Commissioners a thousand pounds for their inconvenient veracity.

Mr. Puff, in the *Critic*, has more right to complain of Lord PALMERSTON than of Sir Fretful. Who can read the correspondence between the War Office and Sir J. MCNEILL without being reminded of the proposals which Don Whiskerandos induces Tilburnia to make to the Governor?

TILB. My lover.
Gov. My country.
TILB. A title.
Gov. Honour.
TILB. A pension.
Gov. Conscience.
TILB. A thousand pounds.
Gov. Ha, thou hast touched me nearly.
PUFF. There, you see, she threw in her love. Quick, parry, quarte, with his country. Ha, thrust in tierce, a title—parried by honour. Ha, a pension, over the arm! put by by conscience. Then flankonade with a thousand pounds—and a palpable hit, egad.

Of course a "lucky Minister" always does make palpable hits. Lord PALMERSTON has not read SHERIDAN in vain—so he did not waste time on the preliminaries, but went straight to the flankonade. We wonder whether an offer of a thousand pounds went out by the last mail to China as a testimonial to the author of the war, and, if so, whether he will decline it?

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

IT is not astonishing if, in the immediate prospect of a general election, partisans of every hue find it in their interest to distort and misrepresent the acts and the motives of all those from whom they differ, and whom they choose to consider their antagonists. It may, however, be permitted to us, who are bound by no party allegiance—still less actu-

ated by any party hostilities—to regard matters from a somewhat different point of view. The last thing which a boisterous advocate of the war in China thinks of asking himself is, what are we fighting for? Nevertheless, after all, to any man who is not occupied in canvassing a borough, this seems to be a rather material question. It certainly is not to avenge the insult of the *Arrow*—even the bellicose PARKES admits that enough has been done to vindicate the wrongs of the unhappy *lorcha*. But then we shall be told that it is for the purpose of enforcing the fulfilment of the Treaty of 1843, which gives us the right of entry into Canton. Be it so. We do not propose to offer an opinion as to whether that object is one for which it was desirable to produce the existing rupture. But when we hear independent men of all parties and all shades of opinion denounced as factious and unpatriotic traitors, because they have, by their votes, expressed an opinion that it would have been better to have left things as they were, it may be as well to investigate a little the state of the question before Sir J. BOWRING took it in hand, and before Mr. COBDEN had occasion to discuss it. At the outset, it is a fact worthy of remark, that this right to which we were entitled by treaty has been in abeyance for fourteen years; and it will hardly be alleged that a claim of this kind grows stronger by being deferred, or that the disposition of the parties on whom it is made becomes more complaisant by a protracted and successful resistance.

Let us recal, then, the history of the Treaty claim in question. In the year 1847 (when Lord PALMERSTON was Foreign Secretary), the point had been actually raised by Sir JOHN DAVIS, and hostile operations had been undertaken in the Canton river. On that occasion, the General in command applied for reinforcements, in order to carry out a policy very similar to that of Sir J. BOWRING. To this application, Lord GREY, as the organ of the Government, despatched the following peremptory reply:—"I have desired the Governor of Ceylon not to send to Hongkong the detachment for which you have made application; and I have further to signify to you, that her Majesty's Government peremptorily forbid you to undertake any further offensive operations against the Chinese, without their previous sanction." But it will be said that this was the policy of Lord GREY, not of Lord PALMERSTON. Let us see how stand the facts. In the same year, 1847, KEYING, who was then Commissioner at Canton, had induced Sir J. DAVIS, the English Plenipotentiary, to postpone the enforcement of this article of the Treaty for the space of two years; and an agreement was drawn up, by which the Chinese authorities "agreed that, two years from this day's date, British officers and people shall have free entrance into the city." Some time before the date at which this agreement was to be carried into effect, Mr. (now Sir GEORGE) BONHAM, the English envoy, wrote to Lord PALMERSTON for instructions as to the line which he was to adopt with respect to enforcing the claim of entry into Canton; and the correspondence which ensued is very instructive, as showing the deliberate opinion of the present PREMIER on the subject of the claim for which we have embarked on hostilities with China. In reply to Mr. BONHAM's letter, Lord PALMERSTON writes on October 7th, 1848:—

It is inexpedient to resort to force to compel the Chinese to execute promises from the performance of which no real benefit to British interests would accrue. It has always appeared to me doubtful whether the right of entering the city of Canton would be productive of any material advantage to British residents. I should wish, however, to know what practical disadvantages in regard to commerce the British residents now sustain by not being allowed to enter the city, and what practical advantages beyond those of pleasure and amusement British subjects would derive from the power of entering the city when they chose.

In December, 1848, he further says:—

I am clearly of opinion that it would not be advisable to proceed to hostile measures against Canton, or to take the unusual step of a mission to Peking, in regard to a privilege which, like the admission of British subjects into the city of Canton, we have indeed a right to demand, but which we could scarcely enjoy with security or advantage if we were to succeed in enforcing it by arms.

To the inquiries of Lord PALMERSTON, Mr. BONHAM replies in these words:—

It is my belief that no material advantage to our commerce would be gained by British subjects being admitted indiscriminately into Canton; at all events, none commensurate with the danger to be risked of involving the British Government in hostile discussion with that of China: for I am satisfied that, with the present temper and feeling of the populace with respect to this change, not one month would pass without some gross act of insult or violence being committed against any British subjects who might avail themselves of the privilege—such, in all probability, ending in bloodshed, and rendering it necessary for us to take steps which would certainly tend very much to embarrass our position.

This, it will be observed, is the very ground on which the Chinese authorities always justified their indisposition to

carry this part of the Treaty into effect. As to the *bona fide* of the allegation, we have this testimony from Sir G. BONHAM:—

Could I be satisfied that the Commissioner has that power, and that it is from the Government authorities, and not from the people, that determined opposition is to be anticipated, I should not for one moment hesitate to insist upon the fulfilment of the Treaty stipulations, but I confess that I rather incline to believe that the Commissioner has not the power to coerce the mob by any immediate demonstration of his authority, and such, as far as I am able to judge, is the belief of those whom a long residence at Canton, and daily contact with its people, may entitle to be considered as most competent to form an accurate judgment on the subject.

And in another despatch he writes:

If the gates of Canton can only be opened by force of arms, the consequences of such a step become matter for deep consideration. I am thoroughly persuaded that the populace and the "braves" of the adjacent country will join heartily in resisting our approach, and the result will be that we should require a very respectable force to gain our point; for the opposition will be infinitely greater than in 1841, when the troops and mandarins were in the first instance its only defenders. A military operation of this nature would, under the most favourable circumstances, not only for the time put an entire stop to all trade, but it would furthermore require a very long period to elapse before confidence would be restored. This would cause much loss to the native as well as our own merchants, and operate most detrimentally on our revenues at home.

And again—

Without some military demonstration, I am satisfied it will be useless to attempt an entry into the city. I have myself come to the conclusion that the authorities are by no means desirous that we should be admitted; but I am also impressed with the opinion that, even if they were disposed to concede this, they have not the power of compelling the people to behave in a quiet and peaceable manner. The result of our insisting on entrance, under such circumstances, into a city said to contain nearly a million of people, is tolerably obvious; unless, indeed, we keep a force ready at hand to take satisfaction for the very first insult or act of violence that may take place.

How much juster was Sir G. BONHAM's estimate of the consequences of such a step than that formed by Sir J. BOWRING, when he talks of "settling the question peaceably by the next mail," the existing state of affairs in China sufficiently proves. It is fair to add, however, that in spite of the objections which Sir G. BONHAM so candidly and ably points out, his own judgment was in favour of stringent and coercive measures to enforce the stipulations of the agreement. He argues—

That the future discussion of all matters can hardly fail to be embarrassed by our foregoing a privilege which we found upon the Treaty, and which has been for six years the subject of incessant dispute. Nor is it improbable that the inhabitants of the Northern ports, seeing that we have allowed the Cantonese to commit a breach of the Treaty by keeping us out of the city, will be induced to follow their example in establishing a system of petty and general annoyance.

And he proceeds to recommend the adoption of coercive measures in these words:—

The people must, in my opinion, sooner or later, be taught a lesson which has been perhaps too long delayed; and I am only deterred from recommending that it should be given immediately, by the serious doubts which I entertain whether the good we hope to attain as an end by enforcing the fulfilment of the Treaty, justifies the possible destruction of the city as a means. The presence of a naval force at Canton might extort what we require, but, failing this, it would be necessary to proceed to extremities. By operations such as I now propose against Canton, our trade at the Northern ports need not be interrupted, while the chastisement of the Cantonese, or the intimidation of their authorities, would save us, I am convinced, from much trouble in time to come, and would, after a period of necessary inconvenience to the local trade, greatly ameliorate our commercial condition.

It is impossible to urge more clearly and ably the view of the case on which the supporters of Sir J. BOWRING rely. The opportunity for carrying it out was much more favourable in 1848 than in 1857, not only because the claim was less stale by nine years, but because a special agreement had revived the right, and the moment had arrived when the Chinese authorities had expressly undertaken to carry it into effect. But let us hear Lord PALMERSTON's reply to these urgent recommendations of Sir G. BONHAM:—

Although it would possibly place our future relations with China upon a more certain and satisfactory footing to compel the Chinese Government to fulfil this engagement, which there can be little doubt that they could do if they chose, yet, all things considered, her Majesty's Government are not disposed to take this course. An enforcement of the Treaty right by military and naval operations would require an expensive effort, might lead to loss of valuable lives on our part, and much loss of life and destruction of property to be inflicted on the Chinese; while the chief advantage which it seems by your account we should derive from a successful result would be that, giving such an example of our determination and power to enforce a faithful observance of the Treaty, we should deter the Chinese from attempting future and other violations of that Treaty. Her Majesty's Government are not disposed for this object to make the effort, or to produce the consequences above mentioned.

After this, it is a little too much that the admirers of Lord PALMERSTON should stigmatize as factious and unpatriotic the conduct of men who do but re-echo his sentiments and approve of his decision. We do not dispute the right of Lord PALMERSTON to adopt in 1857 the views of Sir G. BONHAM, which he condemned in 1848; but it is somewhat hard that men should be abused by Palmerstonians for merely holding the language of Lord PALMERSTON himself. The state of the case was fairly

laid before the PREMIER in 1848, and all the reasons in favour of recourse to arms were urged at that time, and with still greater force than in 1857. We see that Lord PALMERSTON, upon mature consideration, came to exactly the same decision as that expressed in the resolution of Mr. COBDEN. Whether that decision was right or wrong we do not now propose to discuss. One thing, however, is abundantly plain—that the abandonment or suspension of the claim at that period has made its revival infinitely more difficult since. Commissioner YEH has not failed to take advantage of this point in this case. In a letter to Sir J. BOWRING, he alludes in the following terms to the waiver of the claim by Sir G. BONHAM, acting under Lord PALMERSTON's instructions:—

Sir G. Bonham also caused a Proclamation in foreign characters to be exposed at the doors of the Consulate factories, prohibiting foreign merchants and people from entering the City, which document was published in the newspapers, and was well known to every one, both Chinese and foreigners. These facts make it evident that Sir G. Bonham perfectly understood how impossible it was to use compulsion in the adjustment of this question. It must be observed, too, that during the few years that have passed since the publication of Sir G. Bonham's Proclamation, both Chinese and foreigners have been somewhat more tranquil; and I have heard it said that the proceedings of Sir G. Bonham in this matter received the full approval of the Home Government, from which it is evident that the British Government, being only anxious to maintain a peaceful commercial intercourse, would not allow so fruitless a discussion as this to endanger that which they found to be really beneficial.

Thus it will be seen that it is to Lord PALMERSTON, and not to Mr. COBDEN, that YEH refers the ex-Secretary of the Peace Society as an authority against his aggressive policy. It is surely possible for an English politician to admit the force of the appeal without laying himself open to the charge either of factious coalition against a Liberal Administration, or of treasonable complicity with the enemies of his country.

PURE PROTESTANTISM ON THE HUSTINGS.

SWIFT—or rather ARBUTHNOT—published a treatise on the *Art of Political Lying*. We are not aware that the inventors of some of the present electioneering cries have had recourse to this manual, for literature is not much in their way; but, as great wits jump together, inventions are apt to reappear, and it is the characteristic of genius not so much to reflect itself as unconsciously to reproduce the discoveries of other days. We do not suppose that Mr. BENTINCK has had recourse to SWIFT's works for the idea of the famous watchword, "PALMERSTON and Protestantism;" but we must say that this particular cry, when examined by ARBUTHNOT's rules, fulfils all the conditions of a "Political Lie." We are told that Lord PALMERSTON ought to be Prime Minister, because he appointed Mr. BICKERSTETH to the see of Ripon. This is what Mr. BENTINCK said in the House of Commons. This is the "confidence in Government" on which the suffrages of more than one constituency are actually asked, in certain addresses now before us. This is the confession of political faith of the *Record* newspaper; and, as its representative, Mr. WESTERTON, the stationer at Knightsbridge, has actually the impudence to profess himself ready to start as candidate for Westminster.

It is gravely suggested that Lord PALMERSTON deserves well of the country because he has made Mr. BICKERSTETH a Bishop, and Mr. CLOSE a Dean. That is to say, the Bishop of RYPOON and the Dean of CARLISLE have been, and are likely to continue, blessings to the country, and therefore Lord PALMERSTON is a blessing to the country. In this respect the cry of PALMERSTON and Protestantism illustrates what, in the treatise we have quoted, is called "a translatory lie." Admitting that these two divines are sound on the quinquarticular controversy, how does this affect Lord PALMERSTON's treatment of the five points of the Charter? Sound views of the Reformation at Ripon are no guarantee for Law Reform at Westminster. What is the connexion between strict views of particular redemption in St. Giles's and the foreign and domestic policy of Downing-street? We are actually given to understand that the China war is to be justified because preferment has been lavished on gentlemen who denounce "Popery and Tractarianism." If we are not quite clear about the wisdom and success of the Premier's Neapolitan policy, we are reminded that the cross is a Popish abomination; and if we make inquiries about the next Reform Bill and the Budget, we are put off with the consoling and logical assurance that it's all right *because* candles on the altar are a sign of Antichrist.

ARBUTHNOT goes on with certain cautions to the effect "that when one ascribes anything to a person which does not

belong to him, the lie ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities." We rather fear—or shall we say hope?—that the ingenious cry of the day offends against this canon. Admitting all the brilliant characteristics and unquestionable excellences of the PREMIER, we should say that to claim him as a special Friend of the Church is hardly consistent with "his known qualities." As a representative of pure Protestantism, we should have difficulties at least if we overhaul Lord PALMERSTON's own confessions of faith. A year or two ago, he certainly gave utterance to some statements about the natural goodness of all men which may be popular, but which look, to say the least of it, somewhat inconsistent with what is commonly known as sound and pure Protestantism; and in the very crisis and spasm of his defeat of last week, he declined to follow Sir JAMES GRAHAM in his appeal to the day of judgment. Now, a man may be a great Minister though he denies the doctrine of original sin, and thinks "the notion of accountableness on that great day when all human actions are to be scanned" a good subject for a Parliamentary joke; but still he is a very odd "champion of Protestantism." There ought to be a suitableness, and logical verisimilitude, and concinnity in eulogy. When you salute a man, you should see that your epithets stick. That he is no bigot, that he is superior to narrow views on doctrine, that he thinks religion a good thing for those who understand it, that he is above prejudice, superstition, and formalism, that he sits loose to antiquated traditions and doctrines—all this may be, perhaps, a legitimate subject for eulogy; but to invoke a man to whom such a panegyric rightly belongs as emphatically and exclusively a defender and patron of the Church, rather detracts from the value of the praise by slightly overdoing it. Nobody will say that Lord PALMERSTON should be hunted from office because he has appointed some third-rate Evangelical preachers to Bishopsrics—all we argue is, that to praise, laud, and bless him as the saviour of religion is as false as it is absurd, and especially hypocritical in those who attempt it. For, at any rate, Lord PALMERSTON's Administration, in its treatment of the Sabbath question and of Maynooth, has wounded Evangelicism in both its horns. But all this is to be forgiven for three Bishopsrics—that is to say, pure Protestantism likes principle much, but place more. It will forgive the PALMERSTON theology for the PALMERSTON patronage.

Viewed under another aspect, we are disposed to think that this particular cry is likely to defeat itself. The author of the *Art of Political Lying* insists that "the practice of bringing out the raw-head and bloody bones upon every trifling occasion, has produced great indifference in the vulgar of late years." As far as we can judge, public fears on the imminent danger of thumb-screws and wooden shoes have nearly passed away, even from suburban tea-tables. Most people, too, begin to suspect that our decorous attendance at the parish church on Sundays is not very likely to be prevented by the continuance of the Maynooth Grant; while, even in religious circles, it begins to be whispered that the House of BRUNSWICK would not cease to reign if Baron ROTHSCHILD were to be allowed to make a speech in Parliament. If it is absolutely necessary that the shriek of No Popery should be reproduced every ten years for the benefit of English shopkeepers, it may possibly turn out that, since the Papal Aggression cry has so significantly and utterly died away, "the manly and glorious contest at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge"—the watchword of Mr. WESTERTON's requisitionists—scarcely fulfils the old slogan of "Our Protestant Institutions in Church and State." For Pure Protestantism, "WESTERTON for Westminster" is not only a *poisson d'Avril*, but a very unsavoury one. Religious agitators ought to be careful not to make their terrors and furies too cheap. The vials and trumpets have, we think, come out rather too often. Sabbatarianism begins to lose its first horrors. The streets and hustings are getting too familiar with the rags and pasteboard, the tinsel and springs which set the religious idols of the day gibbering and squeaking, mopping and mowing. The Mumbo Jumbo is not only a stupid, old worn-out hypocrisy, but this is a very ragged, tattered, stunted specimen of the article. WESTERTON himself is, we fear, half-suspected of being an enterprising shopkeeper, who invests in the suit before the Privy Council much for the same reasons that Messrs. HOLLOWAY and SAMUEL advertise in all the newspapers. The religious cry wants not only consistency, but variety and novelty. The cry itself is but a squeak; and the dangers with which we are threatened are not only very tame, but very threadbare. Its friends have rather overdone it. Partisans might have something to say

for the religious sectarianism (not to speak of the secular policy) which contrived to give Lord CLARENDON's brother a bishopric, which has made a LEWIS a canon, gazetted a HAYTER to a crown living, and gifted a BARING with a mitre; but "WESTERTON for Westminster" is a placard which will be regretted more at Exeter Hall than at St. Barnabas. The "Tractarians" are said to be Jesuits in disguise. If they are, we recommend them to forward the requisition to WESTERTON. Most likely it will be a dead failure; but that such an absurdity was ever thought of is significant. It is but the exaggeration of a cry which is scarcely heard in some electioneering instances of greater importance. We are glad of this extreme instance, because it may serve to show the hollowness and futility of the dodge. Anyhow, Mr. WESTERTON's patriotic declaration that "he is ready to support Lord PALMERSTON's Government on the China question," can only be compared to a chimney-sweep's offer to stand by you in a street row.

Of course, we say all this only on the more than questionable supposition that Lord PALMERSTON really has substantially benefited those religionists whom it is now sought, on the BENTINCK platform, to unite as unreasoning and merely personal followers of the man rather than the Minister. For ourselves, it is, perhaps, needless to say that we agree substantially with the sentiments expressed by Mr. HELPS in his recent severe criticisms on the narrowness and pettinesses of even the Cambridge constituency of the day. We expect to be branded as GALLIOS because we have argued that the great social and moral interests of the country are superior in value to wrangles about the Maynooth Grant and the Sunday Bands. But what is of much more importance than private opinions on these subjects is the character of the Assembly which, in point of fact, will for some years rule this great country—which will guide its interests, direct its policy, and control, or even change, its institutions. It will be alike deplorable and shameful if the tone of the next House of Commons is to be settled, not by a fair estimate of personal character, political attainments, social experience, education, and moral responsibility in the candidates in the ensuing contests, but by that miserable and mendacious howl of which "WESTERTON for Westminster" may be considered the most valuable, because the most absurd and self-confuting instance.

NATIONAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

SPENDING money is supposed to be about the pleasantest and easiest occupation that can fall to the lot of man, and yet the art of spending judiciously and well is one of the rarest of all accomplishments. It is easy to talk of combining reasonable economy with becoming liberality; but even in private life there are few who are able to hit the happy mean between extravagance and parsimony. Those to whom the task of employing the national income is committed are encompassed by peculiar temptations, if not by peculiar difficulties. In the case of a private individual, fortune imposes a limit which cannot with any prudence be passed, and his first object must always be to bring a contemplated outlay within the scope of his available means. The largest income has definite bounds, and the grandest conceptions of necessary expenditure are always capable of being reduced to such dimensions as an actual rent-roll will allow. In the management of the national purse, however, the case is exactly reversed. The possible income of the State, if not quite unlimited, is at any rate capable of indefinite expansion, while a large proportion of the annual expenditure is as absolutely fixed by national obligations and political necessities as the income of a private gentleman is by the extent of his possessions. It is a favourite dogma of a certain school of Radical economists, that the true way to keep the estimates within reasonable bounds is to settle the income to be raised by taxation at some arbitrary amount, and then to leave the Government to bring the expenditure within it by such measures of judicious or injudicious retrenchment as they may be able to devise. The homely maxim of cutting your coat according to your cloth, which politicians of this stamp are so fond of quoting, though a wise enough rule to regulate private expenses, is utterly inapplicable to the disbursements of a great nation. To maintain the public credit, to secure the safety of the country, and to preserve order and tranquillity within its borders, are indispensable duties which a Government must perform, without regard to the cost they may entail; and it is only a comparatively small margin of the estimates which remains capable of expansion or contraction,

according to the wealth of the people or their docility in submitting to taxation. The Radical theory, in fact, is based upon the assumption that all Governments spend far more than there is any occasion for, and that the only way to counteract this tendency is to curtail the ways and means. Something of this lavish disposition is no doubt occasionally manifested, and we are disposed to think that, in the estimates for the coming year, Ministers have indulged in calculations which savour more of the thoughtless prodigality of a time of war than of the prudent economy which ought to return with the restoration of peace. Still, as a general rule, it is the people and the House of Commons who are answerable for the greater part of the national extravagance, and the attitude in which a Chancellor of the Exchequer is most often seen is that of a man pleading the narrowness of his means in answer to a multitude of unconscionable applicants.

While, therefore, we urge the duty of an immediate return to moderate peace estimates, we desire most distinctly to repudiate the notion that expenditure should be forced to accommodate itself to revenue. Such a cry is only fit to tickle the ears of a hustings crowd, and we are content to leave the monopoly of it to the candidates for ultra-Radical boroughs. But though we entirely accept the doctrine that the Estimates ought first to be settled with regard to the necessities of the State, and afterwards to be provided for by such taxation as may be necessary, we cannot see without alarm the rapid growth of prodigality during the last four or five years. Every one, of course, dislikes heavy taxation, and some persons are sufficiently logical to extend their objections to excessive expenditure; but there are very few who will not, at the same time, press for an increased outlay on their own particular hobbies. With singular inconsistency, people want the total of the Estimates to be small, and the individual items large. Each section of the community has some pet branch of administration which it is anxious to develop by an increased vote; and for the sake of gratifying its own crochets, it is ready to buy the aid of other interests by showing the same complaisance when their favourite extravagances are under consideration. One set of men is for lavishing money without end, and without much discretion, upon national education. Another class is bent upon transferring every kind of local burden to the Consolidated Fund. Art and science have their advocates, who think no outlay too great for such exalted objects. There are many who consider that to squander money without stint upon military preparations is the best investment in the world. And further, there is a very numerous body of hopeful men who look upon the creation of new salaried offices as so much addition to the resources of themselves and others, if not of the country at large. All these parties play into each other's hands; and by mutually countenancing incessant guerilla attacks on the Exchequer, they often compel a Minister to consent to a much larger expenditure than he desires, and to impose a severer load of taxation than is agreeable to the taste of the country at large. During the last few years, there has grown up in this way an increased expenditure of about 6,000,000*l.* Of this, more than 4,000,000*l.* is absorbed by the army and navy; and nearly 2,000,000*l.* is made up by a heterogeneous mass of miscellaneous estimates.

It is clearly the duty of Parliament to put some check upon its prodigality, and it is to be hoped that the temperate and statesmanlike warnings uttered by Mr. GLADSTONE on Tuesday evening—though enforced by illustrations some of which, perhaps, are fairly open to criticism—will exercise a wholesome influence in this direction. The new House of Commons will not have the excuse for extravagance which the habits contracted in a time of war may be thought to furnish for the present Parliament. It will commence its career in the midst of peace, and will be able to attend to the dictates of economy, which the demands of a European struggle have for some time past effectually silenced. Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS, as might have been anticipated, was only too happy to indorse Mr. GLADSTONE's warning against the practice of accumulating new burdens upon the Exchequer; but he prudently gave up the attempt to vindicate himself and his colleagues from the charge of having themselves brought forward estimates framed in the very spirit which he joined with Mr. GLADSTONE in condemning. He did not venture to prove that the excess of the military estimates of the year was really attributable in any considerable degree to the late war. Sir C. WOOD, it is true, suggested, a few nights ago, that he had been obliged, in the Navy Estimates, to provide for more men than he considered necessary, be-

cause there was a large number of long-service men, who could not be discharged against their will until their ten years' terms had expired. Had this been the character of the whole force of seamen charged in the estimates, the explanation would have been intelligible; but we confess we do not see how the Admiralty can be compelled to retain as many as 33,000 sailors, merely because about 20,000 have a right to insist on remaining in the service. One item of increased expenditure in the Navy is, no doubt, unavoidable. A steam fleet costs more to build, more to repair, and more to work than a squadron of sailing ships; and some addition may fairly be expected on this score. In the army, too, the proved necessity of establishing a better mode of training for officers and men must add to the estimates in more than one item; but if it be true, as no one can doubt, that a small army trained to the highest efficiency is more serviceable than a larger force with less perfect organization, it would seem that any extra expense occasioned by improvements might well be balanced by a coincident reduction in the number of men. Considering that the available portion of our army, as compared with its nominal strength, is about thirty thousand more than it was when Ireland required a standing garrison, and when every colony expected to be furnished with a military police from England, we cannot understand why a larger number of men need be voted in 1857 than was thought sufficient before the war. Without at all impairing the efficiency of the services—which it would be the height of folly to do for the sake of any relief in taxation—the Army and Navy estimates will, we confidently believe, admit of considerable reduction; and it is satisfactory to find that no attempt is made on the part of Ministers to treat the votes on account as indicating acquiescence in their general scheme, and that the whole question of our naval and military expenditure will be left open to the new House of Commons.

The Civil Estimates are to a great extent permanent charges, and it may be difficult for the most zealous friends of economy to reduce them very largely; but if they cannot be much diminished, it may nevertheless be practicable to retard their growth in future years without seriously interfering with any important branch of the public service. Vast as the means of the country are, we cannot afford to despise the common-place virtue of frugality. The first consideration with statesmen and with the public assuredly ought to be to maintain every department in a thoroughly effective condition; but there can be no reason why we should incur more expense than is necessary for the purpose, or load the country with a needless weight of taxation which cannot fail to check the growth of commerce and the development of the national resources.

SWEET AUBURN.

THURSDAY'S newspapers offer materials of more than ordinary value for the student of national manners. First in interest, though most distant in scene, we find Sir JOHN BOWRING's *Memoir on the Social and Political Life of China*. It is a document replete with facts presenting a very curious chapter in ethnology. None of these facts do we propose either to accept or to dispute—and this for the simple reason that we have no evidence with which to confute or confirm them. But, from the nature of the case, it is plain on the face of the *Memoir* that it is the result of literary rather than of personal research. The inner life of the Chinese Empire is still a sealed book; and, judging from contemporary evidence, equally available and equally incontestable, it is quite possible for a literary investigation entirely to fail in grasping a complete estimate of the general and diffused social condition of a people from the accidental and partial evidence which floats on the obvious current of a nation's annals. Simultaneously with this account of China, the very same day's papers present three separate documents, judging from which the student of Christian men and morals might form a very inadequate idea even of our own moral condition here in England. We have first the revelations of the inner life of the Royal British Bank, in Mr. EDWARD ESPAILLE's examination. Next, we have the management of one of our national corporations, described at the half-yearly meeting of the Great Northern Railway Company, with the history of LEOPOLD REDPATH's swindlings; and last, and certainly not least, we have the details of WHITE's life, as recorded in his trial at Aylesbury. The whole forms a series of annals upon which, if a stranger were to indite a selection of *Lettres Edifiantes et*

Curieuses, a somewhat one-sided and unjust picture of England as it is might, not altogether unfairly, be founded. And yet the picture would be very incorrect and partial, supposing GOLDSMITH's *Citizen of the World* were to reappear and to depict England from the Chinese stand-point. The truth of his materials would be undeniable; but his generalization would be most fallacious. These things should at least be a warning against hasty judgments and rapid conclusions. The materials which we have just specified are copious, and come from several quarters—they cover large departments of social life—they display Christian principle and its moral restraints, and education and commercial confidence, all at work, and all with certain special and very noticeable results. Here is actual life, in the city and the village—here we see men as they are, in Lothbury and at Chesham. In either case—in the busy haunts of cities, and under the purer atmosphere of rustic simplicity—we find crimes at work, and, as it seems, demoralizing whole sections of English society, which might make the barbarians blush. So unsafe is it to draw general arguments for or against a particular view of national life from imperfect and partial, however true, realities.

PHILIP WHITE, it seems, is an inhabitant of a quiet and obscure Buckinghamshire village—a place doubtless blessed with its parson and squire, its schools and its church, and its regulated and traditional public opinion. The village is a calm and peaceful one, remote from cities and their contaminations—the abode, as it would seem, of the poet's domestic peace. Sweet Auburn might well be reproduced in Chesham, that obscure home of pastoral life, half way between the gentle townships of Berkhamstead and Amersham. Both in name and place would seem to recal the dull and decorous level of English rustic life, and all those home and family proprieties on which we pride ourselves. PHILIP WHITE is a shoemaker—he marries, and loses his wife at the mature age of 45. He then plunges, as it seems, headlong into a sea of monstrous and abominable crime, before which the memories of BORGIA and CENCI might stand rebuked. On his wife's death he immediately introduces a concubine into a family of grown-up children—he makes, if uncontradicted rumour may be trusted, a foul and unnatural assault on the honour of his own daughter—he marries a woman of profligate character, already the mother of three illegitimate children by as many fathers—with the privity of this wife he carries on an adulterous intercourse with his mistress, to whom he administers poison for the purpose of producing abortion—and he is indicted for the murder of his wife also by poison. According to his own account, the wife was in the habit of administering drugs to herself for the sake of producing miscarriage; and, without the least attempt at concealment, he admits that he ordered his wretched paramour to take poison for the same infamous purpose. Nor is this all. It seems to be a recognised practice among the women of the place to take a drug known by a familiar name, *hieru pica*, for this infamous object. Much, if not all, of this came out in evidence, and is indeed undisputed. Fornication and adultery, incest and murder, abortion and poisoning—all are tangled together in one hideous web of sin and horror. If not as a matter of course, still as though it were no very exceptional cast of English life, all the materials of this wickedness were ready. There was no occasion to go out of Chesham for a single ingredient in this caldron of abominations. The girl of twenty, who was WHITE's paramour, fell without a misgiving into WHITE's way of life. "In a very short time" the disconsolate widower "seduced his house-keeper." The mother of the three bastard children, in spite of the restraints of our new Poor-law, was at hand, and with an infant at the breast she entered into "holy matrimony" with the monster who is said to have just made an incestuous assault on his own child. That all the fiends of hell should enter into this blessed household is no wonder. No wonder that its mistress should connive at the continuance of the intercourse between her husband and his concubine—no wonder that the purchaser of the poison should be the wife, though whether for her own necessities of murder, or for the destruction of her rival, is not clear—no wonder that a series of murders completes the tragedy.

These are "the simple annals of the poor"—this is "Our Village" at work—this is Christian and happy England. It may be that such a case is exceptional and monstrous; yet, at any rate, it shows what may be going on even under favourable auspices, and how little we can judge of national manners by the surface. It shows what cottage life may be, and how weak are the restraints of public opinion when the practice

of abortion is treated as the habit of rustic society. Great as are the sins of great cities, we fully believe that village life, if we knew all its hidden abominations, produces as many. The very worst crimes are often found—and oftener, it may be feared, exist without being brought to light—in places as retired and obscure as Chesham. At all events, with such lives as that of the WHITE family on record, education and religion have an ample field before them in domestic missions to the worse than heathen of our villages and towns at home.

A GLIMPSE OF BOHEMIA.

LAST week we noticed a book which, under the title of *Friends of Bohemia*, inculcated the flattering doctrine that what Mr. Carlyle describes as the "scoundrel world" and the "devil's brigade," is, in fact, composed of the ablest members of the community, and that the respectabilities of life are like the good boys at a public school, whose reputation is secured rather by the absence of animal spirits than by the presence of any unusual moral worth. When we criticized this pretty theory, we certainly did not expect that circumstances would so soon furnish us with a curious practical commentary upon its truth; but the records of the Central Criminal Court, and of the *Nisi Prius* sittings at the present assizes at Oxford, have given us a curious glimpse into the real character of the society which Mr. Whitty's book idealizes. That gentleman would wish us to take our Ministers and members of Parliament from Bohemia—and opportunely enough Bohemia produces, at public places to which it is often obliged, involuntarily, to resort, the sort of men whom it would give us for Chancellors of the Exchequer and Secretaries of State. Mr. James Townshend Seward, and most of the parties concerned in the case of Cogan v. Lamert, are Bohemians of the first water; and we think that the consideration of their unlovely lives and closely-connected fates may help to dispel the not uncommon delusion that a knave is a clever fellow, and that honesty is unfavourable to talent.

Mr. Seward is a barrister of upwards of sixteen years' standing, having been called by the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple in the year 1840, at the mature age of forty-two. Success at the bar is proverbially slow and uncertain; and we all know that a long and anxious period must elapse before the profits and honours of the profession reward its members. Mr. Seward's lofty spirit relieved the tedium of suspense by the excitement of forgery. With the assistance of two friends who enjoyed the confidence of the criminal circles in which they moved, Mr. Seward, who certainly seems to have possessed the accomplishment—not a very wonderful one—of imitating handwriting, obtained possession of a number of blank and cancelled cheques, which enabled him to commit forgeries to a large amount on a variety of bankers and others. His greatest feat consisted in obtaining the means to defraud an attorney, by employing him to recover a debt from a fictitious debtor, and inducing him to give his employers a cheque for the money so paid. In passing sentence on this ingenious criminal, the Lord Chief Baron informed him, in language which has almost become stereotyped, that his crimes showed a degree of talent which would have ensured his success in any honest walk of life, and that it was very lamentable that he should have so much abused it. We not only cannot agree with this estimate of Mr. Seward, but we think it not unimportant to point out the falsity of the impression which it is calculated to produce. Seward seems to us not only not to have been a man of any particular talent, but to have shown, in some respects, downright stupidity. It requires no great effort of genius to know that, if a number of forged cheques are to be passed, it is desirable to get innocent persons to present them for payment; and the expedients by which the agents were procured were not very ingenious, and led to the conviction of their employers. Nor did the prisoner show any greater mental powers in defending himself on his trial than he had displayed in planning his crime. Seward was a barrister, and must have had, at any rate, some kind of acquaintance with the administration of justice; but he had not a word to say for himself, and did not even ask a single question in cross-examination of the witnesses against him. In short, though we do not deny that men of considerable resource and talent (such as the bullion robber, Agar) are occasionally found amongst professional criminals, Seward's case proves conclusively that a man may rise to very considerable eminence in that calling without any particular intellectual gifts. Indeed there seems to be no reason to think that a successful thief or forger has to exert much more skill, courage, or judgment than an ordinary petty tradesman requires for the management of his business. It is, no doubt, a novel and striking feature in the arrangements of modern society, that crime has been reduced to a regular means of earning a livelihood; but, in losing its indefinite and irregular character, it has also lost much of the interest with which it has hitherto been invested. Henceforth no one need doubt what had long been known to every one who sees much of criminals—that they are, in a general way, very poor creatures, and that even the foremost members of the profession are, in most respects, greatly inferior to the honest part of the community.

The case of Cogan v. Lamert throws the same kind of light upon the character of the classes of society in which criminals

are bred, as the cases of Seward and Anderson throw upon the regular profession of crime. The plaintiff in this action had been for many years on the turf, with an interval of insolvency. The defendant combined the creditable trade of a bill discounter with the honourable profession of an advertising doctor. The subject of the action was a horse which, upon the decease of its late well-known owner, Mr. W. Palmer of Rugeley, had passed into the possession of the Hon. F. Lawley. Mr. Lawley's goods having been taken in execution, a question arose between Mr. Cogan and Dr. Lamert as to the ownership of the horse. Dr. Lamert's character did not become the subject of discussion, but to Mr. Cogan society is indebted for a description of the career of a real, genuine Bohemian. It is a curious illustration of the habits and powers of the class in question. Many years ago, Mr. Cogan was fortunate enough to fall in with a gentleman so passionately fond of the game of blind hookey, and so confident of the integrity of the person with whom he played, that he continued the amusement till he had lost no less a sum than 10,000*l.*, for which amount he gave bills to his adversary. Mr. Cogan raised from 4000*l.* to 5000*l.* on the bills, which turned out to be worthless; but as he had the commendable prudence to pay over the amount to some one else, the endorser could get no satisfaction out of him when the value of the paper was discovered. Mr. Cogan had also to admit—which he did with tears—that he had been a defaulter on the turf, and had made an ineffectual attempt to pass through the Insolvent Court, which was frustrated by "a technical objection" to the schedule. Another gentleman was called before the Court, who filled the responsible and lucrative position of a crossing-sweeper. It seems that this excellent person had thriven on the occupations which brought ruin on his employer, Mr. Lawley, for he rejoiced in a gold eye-glass, with which he carefully inspected various documents on which his opinion was requested. It is not every day that we get such a glimpse into the lives of that part of the community which is unencumbered by the received maxims of morality. Perhaps the most curious feature about them is their silliness and inefficiency. One gentleman establishes a claim for 10,000*l.* against another—he sells it for 5000*l.* to a friend, who gets absolutely nothing by the transaction—and the fortunate winner himself is only saved from making restitution to the speculator who has assisted him, by the circumstance that the money ran through his fingers as soon as he got it. It is a sort of fairy gold which stays with nobody, and does not seem to make any one the richer, except the fortunate crossing-sweeper who comes out with the gold eye-glass. After living for about a quarter of a century on his wits, the Bohemian seems to be worse off than he was at first. His whole life is a sort of prowl, in which he snatches and bites at his neighbours, and his neighbours snatch and bite at him—none of the party apparently thriving on the diet.

That honesty is the best policy is, no doubt, a sufficiently trite text; but it is curious to see the number of ways in which it is not only practically but theoretically disavowed. There are a certain number of people who find a distorted satisfaction in turning away from the rules to the exceptions in life. There are in every school idle, good-for-nothing lads, whose schoolfellows regard them with a certain mysterious awe, whispering to each other that, if they only chose to try, they could easily get all the prizes, and probably write better Latin verses than the schoolmaster himself. The schoolboy sophism is kept up in more mature life by the whole tribe of novel-writers and satirists. They delight to represent the thieves, rogues, and ambiguous persons who stumble along the world's muddy bypaths, as the real men of genius, whom the rest of us are too stupid to detect. Such characters in the last generation, decorated with moustaches, yataghans, and diabolical smiles, curdling in their veins the blood of all beholders, astonished the world as Conrads and Laras. Now-a-days, a stern realism influences writers of fiction and those commentators on fact who share in their aspirations. Such writers delight in bringing on the stage mere ordinary rascals, whom the reader is requested to accept as men of genius, partly because they have not succeeded in life themselves, and partly because they express much contempt for those who have. It is not uninteresting to compare occasionally the facts on which novels are founded with the novels which are founded on fact. Cogan, Seward, Anderson, and Hardwicke are our real "Friends in Bohemia;" and, with all submission to their admirers, we cannot help thinking that they would not only be dangerous but extremely tiresome acquaintances.

THE DEATH-RATTLE.

SIR J. BOWRING'S luckless aspirations after tom-toms and cock-feathers have committed an amount of havoc, as well in England as in China, which, if notoriety be his aim, will give him more of it than could be gained by the most gorgeous procession along the streets of the recalcitrant Cantonese. Our constitutional saturnalia have begun, and till they are closed, everything else must be suspended. All social or legal reform, every philanthropic enterprise, the agitation of every important question, must be hung up till the nation has disposed of the merits of Dr. Bowring. He has had many victims besides Yeh and the savage barbarians whom we are cannonading into gentleness and love. At least half a million—probably a great deal more—will be spent within the next three months in inducing Englishmen to exercise the franchise of which they are so

proud. Many a budding patriot will shrink again into the slender proportions of a village Hampden. We shall lose several well-known faces, and, we hope, several well-execrated bores. And among other losses, we trust we shall bear it with fitting resignation if we should be compelled to part with some of those agricultural divines who are so fond of turning their ploughshares into swords, and whose martial Protestantism has lately so much edified the godly. Doubtless they will carry their principles into private life. An evangelical coachman who gets drunk and runs down other people's carriages, and a T. P. (truly pious) gamekeeper who poaches their neighbour's pheasants, will be as dear to their enlightened hearts as a Premier who varnishes over an impotent domestic policy by Protestant bishops at home and profligate bloodshed abroad.

Everywhere one may see the symptoms of approaching dissolution. The House is indeed the very picture of desolate wretchedness. "Death is upon its closing eye." All its old cheerfulness and vivacity is gone. The hearty Opposition shout, renowned throughout the House, is dumb. The crowd of Ministerialists who used to throng the shadowy corner behind the Speaker's chair, and sleep and cheer, and cheer and sleep by turns, have disappeared. You will listen in vain for the merry hum of conversation with which the Radical benches were wont to beguile the weary periods of Lewis or of Wood. Heavy perfunctory debates, with spasmodic efforts at electioneering interspersed, have succeeded; but they are delivered to scattered rows of long gloomy faces. There are no brothers Phillimore now, by rival cheers, to encourage a floundering debater. Their well-known voices are still—for the hand of Hayter is upon them, and they are doomed. Lord John Russell still sits "perched up there," as our Cannon-ball wit, Sir J. Tyrrell, expressed it, bravely maintaining his post in spite of the tempestuous tea-pots of the City. His thin anxious face is stamped with the resolve which his whole life has exemplified, that, if he cannot win, he will at least wound in falling. And the giant veteran, Sir James, still sits on to the last; but his face no longer wears that benignant, almost paternal, smile with which it was his wont to listen to the bitter insinuations flung at him by his former colleagues.

The settled gloom

The fabled Hebrew wanderer wore,

gathers on his beaming countenance as he leans his chin upon his stick. He is wearily bethinking himself that the time is drawing near when he must perform another stage of that ceaseless pilgrimage of which Carlisle seems to be both the starting-place and the goal. All is sad and spiritless. The very Speaker has relaxed the reins which he soon will cease to hold; and the elegant form of Sir Charles Napier may be seen reclining in horizontal gracefulness, and seeking—shade of Manners-Sutton!—in the benches of the House of Commons a substitute for his hammock. Below the bar, there is a flux and efflux of listless Peers. Their own legislative energy has been struck with paralysis by the late events—assuredly by no fault of their own, for they did their best, or worst, to prevent it. So they saunter in to see if there is any more excitement to be got out of the Commons; and when they find that the proceedings are, if possible, even duller than their own, they saunter out again. The only persons who show signs of real animation are the Whips. They are the stormy petrels of the political horizon—the fiercer the tempest, the more merrily they fly hither and thither. Now is their hour. Mr. Hayter is for the moment a more important man than the Premier. All those whom he has wheedled in vain during four long years will now feel the power of his arm. His incessant hurry, his weighted brow and compressed lips, betray that he has a full consciousness of his position. He slips in and out of the House with the activity of an armadillo—now gliding on to the Treasury bench, and whispering in a leader's ear—now gently carrying off under his arm some timid follower, who has broken his pledges and dreads the hustings, and cheering him with flattering tales of the skill of Coppock and the charms of place. And, as he passes, you may see the Opposition members making way for him with a kind of sullen awe; for they have heard that he has sworn to run a candidate in every field in the United Kingdom, and his well-known success in a hundred trying emergencies has inspired men with a vague notion of his omnipotence.

One thing amid all these hopes, and fears, and interests, most men seem to have agreed to look upon with indifference; and that one thing is legislation. It is well to dwell on, and to remember these scenes, for they teach us what the result of annual Parliaments would be. What is now an exceptional degradation would then be the constant condition of the House of Commons. All speeches would be electioneering manifestoes—all votes would be addressed to Bunkum—all legislation that was not recommended by some claptrap cry would be passed over with contempt. The transient orgy of misrule in which whips govern and statesmen cringe, would become the permanent order of Parliamentary subordination.

PROFESSOR OWEN'S LECTURES AT THE MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.

II.

ON the 5th of March, Professor Owen gave his third Lecture. Leaving behind him the small Mammalia of the Oolite, he observed that not one fossil referable to this class had been discovered either in the comparatively small formation of the

Wealden or in the Chalk. In the first of these, numerous shells of fluviatile and lacustrine genera have been found. The remains of huge reptiles, of the mighty *Iguanodon*, of the long-necked *Plesiosaurus*, and of the *Pterodactyle*—no unapt representative of the flying dragons of fable—are numerous and characteristic. Birds, likewise, would appear to have existed, and fish were not wanting. In the second, we find, besides fish, numberless sea shells and the bones of gigantic Saurians, such as the *Mosasaurus* (Saurian of the Meuse) which was found in the quarries at Maestricht, and saved part of that city from bombardment in 1795. In neither of these, however, has there as yet been discovered a trace of Mammalian life, not even the remains of a Cetacean, which might be reasonably expected in the chalk. This is certainly puzzling, and it is not less difficult to imagine the small insectivorous creatures of Stonesfield allowed to increase without any higher Mammalia to prey upon them, and to restrain their undue multiplication. Possibly, however, the *Pterodactyles* of the ancient world picked up these more highly organized but weaker animals. The absence of Mammalia in the Wealden and the Chalk is hardly more remarkable than their non-appearance amidst the carboniferous strata. In the mighty forests to which the coal bears witness, we might have expected to find creatures feeding, like the armadillo, on decaying vegetable matter, or organized like the ant-eater, to keep down the insects, whose office it is to clear away the masses of dead trees and leaves which would otherwise smother the forest in itself. Monkeys, also, with prehensile tails, to aid them in climbing, would not have been out of place; nor elephants, such as those which roam in the dense woodlands of Southern Africa. Yet not a trace of anything of the sort has been preserved, although Batrachian reptiles, insects, and scorpions have left sufficient evidence of their having haunted the entangled jungles. It may be said that negative evidence is not worth much; but do we not accept negative evidence of matters connected with the history of the existing creation? Do we not, for example, infer that there are no ganoid fishes in the seas of our own day, because none have been found, and are we not in the habit of saying that there are now only two fluviatile cetaceans, simply because only two have rewarded the search of naturalists?

But let us pass to the Eocene formation. In the plastic clay of the London basin we once more find Mammalia. Of these, Professor Owen described the *Coryphodon* and the *Palaeocyon*. The first derives its name from the fact that the ridges on its teeth are sharpened at the angles into points. It was a hoofed animal, not unlike the tapir of South America, but larger by about one-third. The creature to which it is most nearly related is the extinct *Lophiodon*, so called by Cuvier from the ridges on its teeth; but the *Coryphodon* appears to have been a more ancient inhabitant of the earth than the other. We cannot attempt to reproduce the delicate chain of observation and reasoning by which Professor Owen was led to discover the real character of this animal, from a fragment dredged up from the plastic clay under the sea near Harwich, and from a tooth dug up at Camberwell. Suffice it to say, that his opinion was brilliantly confirmed by the discovery of the entire dentition of the animal, and many of its bones in France, and he had the satisfaction of finding himself right where Cuvier and Blainville had erred. Both these great men confounded the *Lophiodon* with the *Coryphodon*. In detailing his discovery, Professor Owen made use of one of those happy expressions which at once commend themselves to us, and remain implanted in the memory:—"Nature does not cry aloud," he said, "rather she whispers her truths." The *Palaeocyon* was an animal with claws (unguiculate), and at least partially carnivorous. Its remains have been found in the Paris basin in a deposit corresponding to our plastic clay. Some have given it a name derived from its supposed resemblance to a bear; but neither of its two appellations is very expressive, for, in truth, it was very unlike either a bear or a dog. Professor Owen then described another creature, of which the skull had been brought to him embedded in one of those nodules which are found in the clay near the mouth of the Thames, and used for the making of Roman cement. It must have been about the size of a hare, and has been named by him *Pliolophus Vulpiceps* (the fox-headed *Pliolophus*). The word *Pliolophus* expresses its affinity to the *Lophiodon* already alluded to. Contemporary with it was the *Hyracotherium*, so called from its being a *Pachyderm*, about the size of the Hyrax, the coney of Scripture. It was a hoofed animal also, as large as a hare, with an even number of toes.

In a tooth and part of a jaw brought to him from sands of the Eocene formation, near Kingston, or Kyson, in Sussex, Professor Owen has discovered the evidence of a quadrumanous animal of the *Macacus* family, which is largely represented in the existing state of things. This will surprise no one who is aware of the aspect which this country presented during the Eocene period. Any one who wishes to realize what that was need only go to Sheerness. If, leaving that place behind him, he walks down the Thames, keeping close to the edge of the water, he will find whole bushels of pyritized pieces of twigs and fruits. These fruits and twigs belong to plants nearly allied to the screw-pine and the custard-apple, and to various species of palms and spice trees which now flourish in the Eastern Archipelago. At the time when they were washed down from some neighbouring land, not only crocodilian reptiles, but sharks and innumerable turtles inhabited a sea or estuary which now forms

part of the London district, and huge boa-constrictors glided amongst the trees which fringed the adjoining shores.

In his fourth Lecture, delivered on the 6th of March, Professor Owen noticed the *Lophiodon Minimus*, an animal nearly allied to the Tapir, of whose existence evidence has been found in the Eocene beds of Bracklesham, near Chichester, in Sussex (which correspond to the *Calcaire-grossier* of the Paris basin), as well as the *Dichodon* (dividing-tooth), of which the first remains were found in the fresh water sands at Hordwell, in Hampshire. This creature must have been singularly graceful. It was herbivorous, and appears to have resembled the elegant *Xiphodon* (sword tooth) of the Paris basin. He mentioned also the *Hyenodon*—otherwise called *Pterodon*, from the wing-like appendages of its upper teeth—which is likewise one of the Hordwell mammalia. It was carnivorous, but we should not be misled by the name into fancying it like the Hyæna. It must have differed from that animal in appearance very considerably. In the fresh water Eocene strata of the Isle of Wight, have been found the remains of the *Hyopotamus* (river pig), a creature allied to the *Anthracotherium* (coal beast) from the lignites near Genoa. From our own shores Professor Owen passed to the hill of Montmartre, so important in history and in science. Many of our readers have, no doubt, gazed with interest on those white masses which the great Cuvier has made famous. Professor Owen described several of the animals whose remains were discovered, and whose forms were recalled by that illustrious man. One of these was the *Anoplotherium*, a large herbivore, with no horns and no canine teeth, whence its name (destitute of arms). It was in all probability aquatic, and fed, like a horse, upon the herbage which grew round the great lakes which in those days occupied the site of Paris. Nearly allied to this creature is the *Palæotherium* of Hordwell. This, as its name implies, connects the *Anoplotherium* with the *Palæotherium* (ancient beast), a large Tapiroid creature, about the size of a horse. Amongst the more remarkable animals of Montmartre was the *Peratherium* (wallet beast) or Eocene opossum. Its bones were chiselled out by Cuvier, from the block which contained them, in the presence of several men of science, who had hitherto declined to accept his views. By this means they were brought over to his side. An immense cetacean, the *Zeuglodon*, has been discovered in Eocene strata in North America. It derives its name from the shape of its teeth, which resemble a yoke. When its remains were first found, they caused a great deal of difficulty, and some inferences were drawn from them which went to invalidate the Mammalian character of the little fossil jaws of Stonesfield. Fortunately, the specimen which had caused so much difficulty was brought to England, and Professor Owen was able to determine its nature and affinities. Since that time nearly all the bones of the *Zeuglodon* have been found and shown by an enterprising American as the skeleton of the great sea-serpent. Professor Owen seems to have a peculiar turn for destroying the credit of sea-serpent stories. Six lectures of this admirable course are yet to be delivered; and rarely indeed has so much enjoyment been offered to that portion of the London public which is capable of appreciating the lucid and felicitous exposition of the matured results of philosophic research.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

AT a recent meeting of this Society the Bakerian lecture was delivered by Professor Faraday, *On the Relations of Gold and other Metals to Light*. The author of this lecture hopes that the undulatory theory of light, when more fully and perfectly developed, may aid in comparing local actions with those which take place at a distance, and may even help towards the comprehension of the physical means by which the latter are carried on. With that view he has endeavoured experimentally to subject a ray of light to the action of particles, so small in size as to have an immediate and near relation, not only to the undulation of light, but even to the far smaller motions of the parts of the ether which are supposed to produce, by their joint and successive action, the light-wave. His hope was that, by choosing particles of a fitting substance, experimental results might be obtained which, in the hands of the mathematical philosopher might aid in perfecting the theory. For this purpose gold was selected, because of its high optical qualities, shown in its comparative opacity, whilst possessing a real transparency—its high yellow reflection, and its true green transmission—its known action on light in very minute quantity—its capability of extreme division—its great gravitating force, which should be called upon for aid when the metal was in a state of extreme division—its elementary character, the integrity of its metallic state, the facilities of testing its presence and condition—and, finally, because known phenomena seemed already to indicate differences of action on light consequent upon its division.

The first state of division or attenuation considered, was that conferred on gold by beating into leaves. These, with their dimensions and general characters, are well known. Being taken up on glass damped by breathing or moistening, and water being then introduced between the glass and the gold, as a cushion, the gold can be perfectly stretched, so that when dry, it is fit for optical examination; or, if a diluted solution of cyanide of potassium be in like manner introduced beneath the gold, it can be more or less attenuated by solution, and then washed and dried. If gold be often thus extended, and attached either to

glass, or plates of rock-crystal, or if mica be heated, it gradually loses its reflective power and its green colour, and becomes translucent. This change takes place far below the fusing-point of gold, and at a temperature as low as the boiling-point of oil, if continued for several hours. When the heat is considerable, the gold-leaf suffers retraction of its parts, and becomes perforated by many fine holes, often systematic in their form and dimension; but when the heat applied is the lowest competent to produce the change, it does not seem certain that the effect is due to such retraction. A good microscopic examination of this point is required. When pressure is applied to such decoloured gold by a convex piece of rock-crystal, of short radius (half an inch, or less), the green colour of the transmitted ray reappears. This production of the green colour by pressure can often be referred to in different states of gold, as a proof, amongst others, that the metal is in the metallic condition. Silver-leaf undergoes a like change by heat, at even a low temperature.

Division by the Leyden Deflagration.—When a gold wire is deflagrated near the surface of glass plates, by a strong electric discharge, it is dissipated in minute particles, which are deposited on the glass. These are seen by the microscope to be of different sizes; but by far the greater part are so minute as not to be distinguished separately. The general film is of different colours by transmitted light, being grey, violet, or green; and often, on the central or nearest part of the discharge, where the heat has been active, it is of a very fine ruby colour. All these particles act with acid and chemical reagents as gold acts; and there is no reason to believe they are anything other than metallic gold. They appear with precisely the same colours and characters, whether the deflagrations are made in common air, in oxygen, or in hydrogen, and whether the deposits are formed on glass, rock-crystal, topaz, or mica. When heated by any ordinary means, the green and grey parts change to a ruby, or ruby-amethystine colour—and that whether they are surrounded by vapour of alcohol, or ether, or air. Even after heating, they adhere only as a dust to the plates, except when the temperature applied to those on glass has been very high. Agate pressure confers the green character on the heated deposits, and also in frequent cases upon that which has not been heated. All things considered, there can be no reason to doubt that the deposits thus made to vary in the colour of the transmitted light consist of pure metallic gold.

Thin Films of Gold.—If a very weak solution of chloride of gold, free from excess of acid, and containing about one and a-half grain of metal to two or three pints of water, be placed in a very clear glass or glazed vessel, in a quiet place—and then two or three small particles of phosphorus laid floating on the surface, and the whole covered over, and left for twelve or more hours—the gold will be reduced, covering the whole of the surface with a film, thicker near the phosphorus than at other parts. This film may be raised from the fluid by plates of glass, and washed and dried on the plates, and is then ready for examination. The thinner parts of such a film are scarcely visible either by reflected or transmitted light—the transition to thicker parts is gradual, the thickest being opaque, and their reflection that of dense gold. The colour by transmitted light varies, being grey, green, or dull violet. The films are porous, and act as pure gold, resisting all the agents which metallic gold resists. When heated, the transmitted colour changes towards amethyst and ruby; and then the effect of pressure in producing a green colour is, in many cases, very remarkable—even a touch with a card or the finger being able to cause the change.

Gold Fluids.—Whilst the particles of phosphorus are producing a film on the surface, it frequently happens that streams of a red colour descend from them through the fluid; and if the phosphorus be submerged, and left for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, this red product is easily and abundantly obtained. If the gold solution be placed in a very clean bottle, and then a few drops of a solution of phosphorus in ether be added, and the whole agitated from time to time, the ruby fluid is obtained in a shorter period. This fluid is apt to change in colour, becoming amethystine, violet, purple, and finally blue—impurities of certain kinds in very small quantities cause this change. It is hardly possible to clean a vessel so well that the first portion put into it does not alter. Most saline bodies produce the change—a trace of common salt readily makes it manifest. That all these fluids are coloured by diffused particles is shown by the circumstance that, on being left for a shorter or longer time, the particles sink, forming a coloured stratum of deposit. Many months, however, are required for even the partial separation of the finer ruby particles. When a light is looked at through the fluid, the latter appears transparent; but when the eye is on the illuminated side, then the fluid is seen opalescent. If a cone of sun-rays be thrown by a lens into the fluid, the illumination of the particles within the cone shows their presence as undissolved bodies. It is believed that all the particles being metallic gold, the ruby are in the finest state of division, the blue in a more aggregated condition. Though the ruby particles whilst freely diffused, are easily changed in colour, and as it is supposed by aggregation, still they may, in some degree, be separated by a filter; for on passing the fluid several times through a paper filter, the latter associates much of the ruby substance with itself, and becomes of a rose colour. It may then be well washed and dried, and contains the ruby particles located, as it is believed, and prevented by their attachment to the paper-fibres from undergoing mutual aggregation. In this state their

character is not altered from ruby to blue by salt or acids—they resist those chemical agents which are resisted by gold, but are dissolved by chlorine, cyanides, and the other substances capable of acting on gold. Heated either in oxygen, hydrogen, or air, no change of tint or quality is induced at such temperatures as the paper can bear—nor, as far as can be judged, at any higher temperature.

A ruby glass coloured by gold is well known. This is considered by the author as analogous to the ruby fluid just spoken of, being a diffusion of gold particles through vitreous matter. The ruby fluid, by association with jelly, is rendered much more permanent than before; and then it may, by a little warmth, be had in the fluid state—or by cooling, as a tremulous jelly—or by desiccation, as a hard ruby solid—presenting all the transitions between the gold fluid and the ruby glass. By soaking the dried jelly and then warming it with water, these transitions may be passed through in the reverse direction, and so on, any number of times.

The relations of gold (and other metals) to polarized light are of the following nature. A leaf of gold, inclined at a certain angle across a ray of polarized light (the inclination not being in the plane of polarization or at right angles to it), affects it as a thin plate of any uncrystallized transparent substance would do—i.e., the light appears in the analyser, and the plane of polarization is rotated. Or, if a leaf of gold be held in an inclined position across a ray of unpolarized light, the beam is polarized as it would have been in passing through a like inclined plate of uncrystallized transparent matter. The gold rendered green by heating or pressure, when thus examined, does not appear to have acquired any particular tension or structure. Sulphide of carbon and crown glass are optically so near each other that a plate of the latter immersed in the former is neutralized, and though placed in an inclined position to a ray of light, either polarized or not, does not then affect it; but gold (like all metals) is still far above either of them. Hence the gold films obtained by phosphorus, when attached to glass, could be examined, and were found to have the optical properties of leaf-gold—the effect having no reference to the thickness of the film, but being most perfect in the thinner films, because they were in a more regular and perfect condition. It should be remembered that these films are not continuous layers, like coats of varnish or fluid, but easily pervious to vapours. In like manner the deposits of gold (and other metals) obtained by electric deflagrations were examined and found to have the same marked qualities in a high degree—places where the film was scarcely visible on the glass instantly showing the presence of the gold by their action on the polarized ray. In the same manner, the very thin and almost invisible films deposited occasionally on the sides of the vessels containing the gold fluid showed themselves as gold. The thinnest layer of the fluid itself, however rich in particles, held between two plates of glass, acted no otherwise than a layer of water. It appears by the deflagrations that the particles of gold must be deposited in a plane, and then, though discontinuous, they act in the manner of continuous films of ordinary uncrystallized transparent bodies.

As to the quantity of gold in the different films or solutions, it can at present only be said that it is very small. Suppose that a leaf of gold, which weighs about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a grain, and will cover a base of nearly ten square inches, were diffused through a column having that base, and 2.7 inches in height, it would give a ruby fluid equal in depth of tint to a good red rose—the volume of the gold being about the $\frac{1}{1000000}$ th part of the volume of the fluid. Another result gave $\frac{1}{100000}$ of a grain of gold in a cubic inch of fluid. These fine diffused particles have not as yet been distinguished by any microscopic power applied to them.

The lecture was illustrated by a great variety of extremely beautiful and interesting experiments, and Professor Faraday stated that he was enabled to perform many of them in consequence of having succeeded in obtaining specimens of pure and unalloyed gold leaves, which are used in gilding the dome of the new reading room at the British Museum.

At the last meeting of the Society a paper was read by General Sabine, R.A., *On what the Colonial Magnetic Observatories have accomplished*. The author prefaces his memoir by stating that in consequence of an opinion entertained by persons competent to judge, that a brief review of what has been accomplished by the Colonial Magnetic Observatories is at the present time desirable, he, as the officer entrusted with the superintendence of those establishments, undertook the task; and he has done so the more willingly, because an opportunity is thus afforded of adding a few remarks and suggestions on the measures required for the further prosecution of the objects for which the observatories were established.

The magnetic investigations designed to be carried into execution by the Colonial Observatories embraced a very wide scope. They were intended to comprehend in each of the three magnetic elements, viz., the declination, inclination, and total force, the absolute values, secular changes, and variations periodical or casual, at each of the stations where observatories are stationed. The author shows successively what the observatories have accomplished in regard to each of these distinct questions; but we can only follow him in one, viz., the casual, or as he suggests that they should hereafter be called, the "occasional" disturbances.

All that was known regarding them when the subject was discussed by a committee of the Royal Society, was that there occurred occasionally, and as it was supposed irregularly, disturbances in the horizontal direction of the needle, which were known to prevail with an accord which it was impossible to ascribe to accident, *simultaneously* over considerable spaces of the earth's surface. They were believed to be in some unknown manner connected either as cause or effect with the appearances of the aurora borealis. The chief feature by which the presence of a disturbance of this class could be recognised at any instant of observation, or by which its existence might be subsequently inferred, independently of concert or comparison with other observatories, appeared to be the deflection of the needle from its usual or normal position to an amount much exceeding what might reasonably be attributed to irregularities in the ordinary periodical fluctuations. The observations which had been made on the disturbances anterior to the institution of the Colonial Observatories had been chiefly confined to the declination.

The Royal Society, represented by their Committee of Physics, composed of eminent men of science, and a Committee of the British Association, laboured long and diligently on the subject, and a report was drawn up by the Committee of Physics, embodying with admirable comprehensiveness, and at the same time conciseness, the desiderata of magnetical science—placing in the first rank, at least in the order of time, the investigation of the laws of the occasional disturbances. The importance of their examination was urged, not alone as a means of eliminating their influence on the periodic and progressive changes, but also on the independent ground that "the theory of the transitory changes might prove itself one of the most interesting and important points to which the attention of magnetic inquirers can be turned, as they are, no doubt, intimately connected with the general causes of terrestrial magnetism, and will probably lead us to a much more perfect knowledge of those causes than we now possess."

Acting on these suggestions, means have been devised for recognising and separating from the entire mass of hourly observations, taken during several years, a sufficient body of observations to furnish the necessary data for an investigation into the laws or conditions regulating or determining the occurrence of the magnetic disturbances. By laborious operations—the magnitude of which may be estimated from the circumstance that the observations made at the magnetic station of Toronto alone considerably exceed 100,000, each of which have to be passed through several distinct processes—the occasional magnetic phenomena are proved by their mean or average effects to be subject to periodical laws of a very systematic character, which, as a first step towards an acquaintance with their physical causes, places them in immediate connexion with the sun as their primary exciting cause. They have—first, a diurnal variation which follows the order of the solar hours, and manifests, therefore, its relation to the sun's position as affected by the earth's rotation on its axis; secondly, an annual variation connecting itself with the sun's position in regard to the ecliptic; and thirdly, a variation which seems to refer still more distinctly to the direct action of the sun, since, both in period and in epochs of maximum and minimum, it coincides with the remarkable solar period of nearly eleven years, the existence of which had been recently made known to us by the phenomena of the solar spots. These, however, as far as we yet know, are wholly unconnected with any thermic or physical variation of any description (except magnetic) at the surface of the earth, and equally so with any cosmical phenomena with which we are acquainted. The discovery of a connexion of this remarkable description, giving apparently to magnetism a much higher position in the scale of distinct natural forces than was previously assigned to it, may justly be claimed on the part of the Colonial Observatories as the result of the system of observation enjoined and carefully maintained.

The author then proceeds to show the use and great value of various magnetic stations at different parts of the globe. For example, there are certain variations produced by the mean effects of disturbances, which attain their maximum at Toronto during the night hours. The corresponding variations attain their maximum at Hobarton also during these hours, but with a small systematic difference as to the precise hour, and with this distinguishing peculiarity—that the deflection at Hobarton is of the opposite pole of the needle (or of the same pole in the opposite direction) to the Toronto disturbance; whilst at a third station, St. Helena, which is a tropical one, the hours of principal disturbance are those not of the night, but of the day.

General Sabine gives a very interesting account of the suggestion first made by M. Kreil, of the existence of a lunar diurnal variation. The suggestion led the author to investigate the magnetic observations at his disposal with relation to this phenomenon. The results deduced from the observations made at the three stations of Hobarton, Toronto, and St. Helena, present the same general characters. The variation of each of the elements is a double progression in the twenty-four hours, having epochs of maximum and minimum symmetrically disposed. In character, therefore, the lunar variation differs from what might be expected to take place if the moon were possessed of inherent magnetism, i.e., if she were a magnet, as it is usually termed, *per se*; and it accords with the phenomena which might be expected to follow if she were magnetic only by induction from the earth. On

the other hand, it is believed that the amount of the variation as observed at each of these stations very far exceeds what can be imagined to proceed from the earth's inductive action reflected from the moon.

In conclusion, the author—to whom physical science is principally indebted for the extremely interesting and valuable results deduced from the observations already made—justly observes that we may derive the greatest encouragement from the results obtained to persevere in a line of research which is no longer one of doubtful experiment. Antecedents justify this, for the Magnetic Observatories have accomplished even more than was originally contemplated. A series of papers by General Sabine published in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society, bear testimony to his strong desire to give a completeness to the experiment of Colonial Observatories corresponding to the original conception.

The cost of an Ordnance Observatory is 392*l.* per annum (exclusive of publication). The work has been accomplished by officers and soldiers of the scientific branch of the army, and with much credit to all engaged in it. One great and unquestionable advantage which future Colonial Observatories will enjoy, will be found in the assistance they will derive from the Observatory at Kew, where their instruments can be verified and prepared, and new instruments devised. The colonial establishments were instituted at the instance of the Royal Society and the British Association, with a more general concurrence and approval on the part of the cultivators of science in all quarters of the globe than was ever before manifested in regard to any purely scientific undertaking, and with a most cordial and effective co-operation of the public authorities.

The extension of the system of Colonial Magnetic Observatories is most desirable. They have yielded much, and will doubtless yield more. In the eloquent language of Sir John Herschel—"There are secrets of nature we would fain see revealed—resources hidden in her fertile bosom for the well-being of man upon earth, we would fain see opened up for the use of the generation to which we belong. But if we would be enlightened by the one or benefited by the other, we must lay on power, both moral and physical, without grudging and without stint."

RICHARD THE SECOND AT THE PRINCESS'S.

MR. KEAN must be almost wearied of having praises bestowed on the taste and skill with which he revives the dramas of Shakspeare. It is but the same story again and again. The most gorgeous and beautiful effects are attained by the minute elaboration of every detail, and everything that ingenuity can devise, or profusion carry out, is directed by good sense and excellent judgment. In some respects, *Richard the Second* eclipses its predecessors. It is even more splendid, more striking to the eye, and suggestive to the fancy; and it has this great recommendation, that the scene being laid in English history at a time neither too late nor too early, it is possible to attain real historical accuracy, whilst the historical picture, when filled up, is singularly striking and attractive, totally unlike modern life, yet having a defined and ascertained character very different from that of representations of aboriginal Athens or classical Sicily. No one can see the new play at the Princess's without feeling that he has received an historical lesson of a very valuable kind. Every antiquarian particular—costume, buildings, rooms, furniture, equipments, sports, and ceremonies—has been so carefully studied, and the reproduction of all that can be discovered by study is so perfect, that more may be learnt of the outward aspect of English social and domestic life in the fourteenth century by spending four hours at this theatre than by months of research. We have no deduction to make, nor any doubtful point to take issue on—there is nothing disputable, like the dances in the *Winter's Tale*, or the Athens of Theseus in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. We have a portion of English history illustrated as completely as our knowledge of the history of our ancestors will permit.

Richard the Second not only carries us back to a period when the exterior of life was animated and picturesque, but it contains a great variety of scenes; and these scenes are laid in places of note, and bring before us many persons with whose names our ear at least is familiar. We have the Privy Council Chamber at Westminster, Ely House, and Westminster Hall, as specimens of the insides of public or baronial buildings; and we have Pembroke Castle, Flint Castle, the Queen's Garden, and the lists of Gosford Green, to show the outward character of great feudal buildings, and the splendour of feudal pageantry. But, not content with these, Mr. Kean has introduced an episode between the third and fourth acts, in which the entry of Bolingbroke and Richard into London is represented. It is as nearly like real life as a scenic representation can be. There are houses lined with applauding spectators, crowds in the streets, morris dancers, and a procession of the flag-bearers and armed men of all the City companies. When Bolingbroke comes riding into the crowd, he is received with acclamations so numerous and hearty that it is difficult to remember that it is but a mock King presenting himself to mock partisans. As an acting play, although it is full of incident and change, and although it contains many effective passages, *Richard the Second* has very many drawbacks. We cannot feel any deep interest in any of the characters. Bolingbroke, acted with considerable success by Mr. Ryder, is but a poor hero, and

there is a marked want throughout of a prominent female character. No play without a good part for at least one woman can avoid being rather cold and monotonous. The only female character in *Richard the Second* is the Queen: and she hardly ever appears. Mrs. Kean took the part, and acted it so admirably—making so much of all she had to say, and throwing so much feeling into her action—that it seemed a more important part, perhaps, than it really is. The display of grief and passion in the short scene in which the Queen bids her husband farewell at the gate of the Tower, was better in its kind than anything we remember to have seen for a long time on the English stage.

The whole burden of acting is thrown upon Richard himself; and a very difficult character it is to render, because Shakspeare's Richard is at once reflective and violent—a melancholy, brooding man, and also a hasty, ungovernable, passionate sovereign. Mr. Kean acted it with great, yet not altogether equal, success. Some of the reflective passages were excellently delivered—others but indifferently. Again, some of the bursts of passion were among the most effective and truthlike portions of the representation; whilst in others, there was something coarse and exaggerated. Mr. Kean gave the beautiful lines about Death sitting in the crowns of kings with point, feeling, and simplicity; but the address to the earth—which, it must be confessed, is one of the hardest passages in Shakspeare to give properly—he seemed to speak as if he were reciting from a book at his feet. His burst of momentary self-assertion, when Aumerle entreats the King to remember who he is, was very telling and natural, as was also the utterance of the curses poured out upon the Earl of Wiltshire and his companions; but in the lines in which Richard raises Bolingbroke, and tells him that he knows how high his heart is, Mr. Kean seemed to us less effective, so sudden and uncalled for was the burst of fury with which he addressed the Usurper. Still, when we consider how very difficult a character Richard is to act, and how much difference of judgment must exist as to the mode in which particular portions of Richard's speeches ought to be delivered, we should be doing Mr. Kean very little justice if we were not to conclude our notice by saying that his acting bears traces of the most careful and earnest study, and that he has successfully surmounted many of the extraordinary difficulties which the part presents.

REVIEWS.

BOWRING'S SIAM.*

SIR JOHN BOWRING went to Siam in the spring of 1855 to negotiate a treaty of commercial alliance with the Government of that curious country. Two previous attempts to procure such a treaty on behalf of Great Britain had been made—one by Mr. Crawford, who was sent from Calcutta in 1822, and one by Sir James Brooke in 1851. They failed, owing to the resistance made by the Conservative party at the Court of Bangkok, the capital of Siam—a party which, as in most Oriental countries, rests its claims to popular sympathy on a jealous exclusion of foreigners. There were also many natives who had secured valuable monopolies, and who were not inclined to view with favour any endeavours of enterprising Englishmen to open trade. But Sir John Bowring came at a happier time than his predecessors. The thoughts of some of the more intelligent Siamese had been gradually directed to inquiries which taught them the advantages of a free commerce; and, more especially, the two remarkably able and thoughtful men who now hold the rank of First and Second Kings of Siam seem to have attained a clearness of comprehension on the subject which places them in advance of more than one member of the English Legislature. It is astonishing to find two Oriental sovereigns who write and talk English with great fluency and very tolerable correctness—who can sustain an argument with an English Plenipotentiary on the evils of monopolies—and who finally, with the hearty assent of their First and Foreign Ministers, determine on a change which they are aware must produce temporary embarrassment in their finances, and excite some degree of ill-will in their subjects. Sir John Bowring, admitting as he does that his success was really due to the state of mental preparation in which he found a few of the leading Siamese, had yet abundant reason to be gratified at the rapidity with which he carried the triumph of Free Trade at the other end of the world, and at the conclusiveness of the terms in which the treaty was couched. The First King, virtually the sole ruler, only hesitated on one point, and recent events coupled with Sir John Bowring's name give a significance to the royal remarks which is certainly striking. The King expressed a dread of the arrival of an English consul, who, he said, would be sure to create constant difficulties, and to provoke constant quarrels. Sir John Bowring replied that the English Government could not permit a trade to grow up in an irregular manner, and the King then entreated that a wise and peaceful man should be sent. Our envoy answered that it was certain that no one but a wise and peaceful man would be sent by England to hold so important a post.

* *The Kingdom and People of Siam; with a Narrative of the Mission to that Country in 1855.* By Sir John Bowring, F.R.S., her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

We must be careful not to let any opinion derived from the recent unfortunate quarrel in China affect the impression which this book would naturally produce. The conduct of Sir John Bowring during the month he spent at the Court of Siam strikes us as having been judicious and conciliatory. It is true that it is from his own journal that we draw the materials of our judgment; and as the heads of the Siamese State were sincerely desirous to meet his wishes, he was not exposed to the trial of confronting an avowed or a covert hostility. Still, it would be unfair not to acknowledge that if we had merely read this journal, and knew nothing of his subsequent career, we should have formed a decidedly favourable estimate of his discretion and capacity. At any rate, there can be no doubt that his book is a very valuable one. It tells us probably all that can be told of Siam, its history, and its inhabitants. It is full of curious and interesting information, and bears throughout the stamp of excellent sense, and of an honest and patient industry. We may also add that it has the advantage of appearing in two very handsome volumes, and of being illustrated with plates well drawn and splendidly coloured.

The river Meinam is to Siam what the Nile is to Egypt. The whole country is dependent on this great stream and its tributaries—it has no geographical character except that which this river gives it. The Meinam runs in a direction almost exactly southerly from the great mountains of South-Eastern China into the Gulf which separates the Malay peninsula from Cochin China. The lower half of its course and the adjacent country form the kingdom of Siam Proper, bordered by dependencies in a state of subjection more or less complete. Before entering the sea, the Meinam spreads itself out into several mouths, and the main channel of the stream is twisted into a number of convolutions, so entangled as to look on the map almost like a knot. On the banks of the higher portion of this knot was founded, in the middle of the fourteenth century, the city of Ayuthia, and with its foundation begins the history of Siam. The earlier kings were vassals of the Emperors of China; and even at the present time the Siamese Sovereigns send tribute to Peking every three years, and on their accession to the throne apply to the Celestial Court for a recognition of their title. In the middle of the last century, the Burmese, between whom and the Siamese there is a chronic war, took and destroyed the city of Ayuthia. They were, in turn, attacked and driven out of the country by a Siamese general, who established a new seat of government at Bangkok, which is situated considerably nearer the sea than Ayuthia was. This general was ultimately driven into a convent by a rival commander, who seized on the sovereign power, and founded the present dynasty.

As the Meinam really constitutes the kingdom of Siam, so it may be said that the one city of Bangkok represents, and almost contains, all that there is of grandeur or power in the kingdom. The Siamese proper are estimated at no larger a number than two millions. The outlying dependencies contain, perhaps, two millions and a half; and there is said to be, in addition, a population of Chinese—almost all migratory, and having no fixed home in the country—to the surprising amount of a million and a half. Bangkok is reputed to have four hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom one-half are Chinese. It is a water-city—an Oriental Venice. There are scarcely any roads or streets, but branches of the river, natural or artificial, furnish the means of communication; and a great portion of the population live actually on the water, the sides of the river being lined for seven miles with floating barges. When we have realized to ourselves the notion of a great straight stream, supporting for many miles a sparse population, who collect such of the produce of the country as can be obtained with little trouble, and send it down the river, until the cargo reaches the one city of the district—where, under the control of a despotism, a set of alien and migratory traders live by manufacturing, selling, and exporting it—we have attained a rude, but perhaps sufficient conception of the kingdom of Siam. As might be expected, the capital is splendid and wealthy to a degree very disproportionate to the general cultivation and riches of the country. Considering the recent date of its foundation, Bangkok is a very handsome city. The royal pagodas or temples are said to be of a magnificence of which in Europe we have no idea. Their number and their beauty seem to strike all who have seen them; and their enormous size, the richness of their ornaments, and the profusion of gilt Buddhas which they contain, awaken even Sir John Bowring to enthusiasm.

The authority exercised by the King is absolute; and it is absolute in the Oriental, not the European sense. He is master, not only of the persons, but of the property of his subjects. No one dares to stand in the royal presence—his name is never pronounced except under certain designations—when he leaves his palace all his subjects bow themselves to the ground. The reigning monarch was kept out of the sovereignty during many years by a brother, who, being the son of an inferior wife, ought to have been postponed to the present King and his brother, now the Second King—both the latter being the sons of the first or legitimate wife. The usurper died in 1851, and then the legitimate brothers came into the enjoyment of their rights. Fortunately for their country, these princes had spent their years of adversity in acquiring an amount and variety of knowledge which may prove to have laid the beginning of a new

era for Siam. The First King, having made himself a profound scholar in the Pali and Sanscrit languages, and having devoted himself for many years to the priesthood, has placed himself in a position to clear away many of the grosser fables and superstitions which have grown up in Siam, as elsewhere, around the simpler creed of Buddhism. He was taught Latin by the French Catholic missionaries, and English by missionaries from the United States. He has also made considerable progress in astronomy, and is able to calculate an eclipse—which is more, probably, than any reigning sovereign of Europe could do. He has also introduced a press with Siamese and English types, has constructed the first chimneys that were ever seen in the country, and has ordered search to be made in his kingdom for coal-beds. His brother is equally cultivated, being an excellent English scholar, and having studied Euclid and Newton. He occupies the curious position of Second King. There is no separation in Siam, as in Japan, of the religious from the civil authority; but the Second King is merely a sort of minister or general of the first. As, however, he disposes of one third of the State revenue, and has at his command an army of 2000 men, he might easily excite jealousy; and to disarm this feeling the present Second King occupies himself almost entirely in scientific pursuits, and only interferes in State affairs on the express solicitation of his brother. These able princes have secured the services of two Ministers in every way worthy to represent them. When it was known that Sir John Bowring was coming to negotiate the treaty, the Prime Minister sent for a foreigner whom he highly esteemed, and, requesting this gentleman for the moment to take the place of the English envoy, and produce all the arguments he could in favour of free commerce, he himself argued in favour of the old restrictive policy of the country; and thus he convinced himself beforehand that Sir John Bowring was right. The argument is given at full length in these volumes, and if we may suppose that the version we have of it is correct, it certainly gives a most favourable impression of the abilities and candour of the Siamese statesman. We have also a record of a discussion between the Foreign Minister and an Englishman who visited the country a few months after Sir John Bowring, in which the still more difficult question was handled—to what is it owing that the English empire is extending so rapidly? The visitor attributed the fact to the geographical position of England, the mixture of races which inhabit our islands, and other similar causes; but the Minister, after hearing him patiently, insisted that it was owing to nothing but free institutions. It indicates a great grasp of mind for the Minister of a semi-barbarous despot to comprehend the value of free institutions, and Sir John Bowring was exceedingly fortunate in having such men to deal with. Nor was it a mere accident. All intelligent Orientals are vividly impressed with the greatness of England, and the first thought of a man who reflects and aspires after knowledge is to learn the language and study the literature of the wonderful islanders who are at last, after the division of so many centuries, bringing the East and the West together.

These volumes contain some interesting chapters on the manners and customs, the religion and the legislation of the Siamese. Although varying in some minute and curious details, their manners and customs adhere closely to the familiar Oriental type. The Siamese are devoted Buddhists; and though several attempts have been made to convert them, including the famous embassy sent for that purpose by Louis XIV., no real progress has been made. There are said to be 4,000 Roman Catholics in Siam, but they are all, or nearly all, descendants of Portuguese settlers; and although there has been a Protestant mission from the United States for several years, Sir John Bowring doubts whether they have made a single convert. The legislation of the Siamese is still in the stage at which law and morality are confounded—almost all law being in the breast of the judge, and its general complexion being coloured by the infusion of strange caprices and fancies. The penal system, however, is not a bloody one, and capital executions, which are performed by the horrid process of impaling, are comparatively rare; and we may notice that in every way a much greater regard for life is displayed than in China. It is not easy to see how suits between citizen and citizen can ever be decided in Siam with anything like a chance of the judgment being satisfactory. In the first place, the grounds for the exclusion of witnesses are so numerous that it can only be by an odd piece of luck that any one can escape from coming under one of the heads of disqualification. We fear that most Englishmen would have to retreat from the witness-box; and it would not be any great disgrace to do so, for although many of the grounds of exclusion are moral—such as that the witness is a drunkard, a gambler, or a quack—yet others exclude classes of persons apparently so harmless as clerks, orphans, braziers, blacksmiths, and potters, the last being, as we are informed, rejected on account of a murder committed on a virtuous man by a potter ages ago. Secondly, when the witness has passed this ordeal, he has to take a most alarming oath, in which he prays that, in case of his giving false evidence, he may, whenever he is walking abroad, be set upon by a "preternaturally endowed lion," or, when bathing, be devoured by a horned alligator; and then that, after death, he may be condemned, among other things, to carry water over the flaming regions in open wicker baskets. Lastly, all the judges are invariably bribed—so that a litigant might reasonably prefer

living even in that fabulous country where Jarndyce v. Jarndyce is the model of an ordinary law-suit, rather than reside in Siam. But although we cannot speak very highly of their legal system, the general effect of these volumes is certainly to create a much more favourable impression of the Siamese than we should have expected from an account of the inhabitants of a petty Asiatic kingdom. Of the physical capabilities of the country it is impossible to speak too highly, and even the most sanguine estimate would be probably realized by the wealth which the valley of the Meinam might, under English guidance, be made to produce. Those of Sir John Bowring's countrymen who consider that they have had other reasons to find fault with him, may gladly acknowledge that his good fortune and good management have combined to make him the instrument of opening to us a region from a connexion with which we may reasonably hope to derive very considerable advantages.

LA LIGUE.*

M. MICHELET is one of those authors who enjoy a higher reputation abroad than at home. Why he should not be popular among the learned public of Paris, we may surmise without much difficulty. He still clings to that Republican faith which went out of fashion some six years ago, and he does not conceal his dislike to the Church, although religion is an institution which every respectable citizen is now bound to support. Why the public at large, and the English especially, believe in and read M. Michelet, may seem more inexplicable. Certainly it is from no patriotic sympathies, for he hates us with all the rancour of a philosopher whose theories we perplex. Nor can we altogether regard him as trustworthy. It is not often that he cares to sustain his views by circumstantial references to dates and facts. If he ever descends to these trivialities, it is a great chance if he be not hopelessly wrong or manifestly one-sided. He himself disclaims the praise of impartiality. "I declare it, this history is partial, frankly and vigorously, for the right and the truth." What, then, it may be asked, remains, except the gorgeous rhetoric of a style too richly woven with barbaric gold? That rhetoric is but the reflex of the broad sympathies and constructive energy of the poet. Better than any other of his countrymen, M. Michelet realizes to himself the thoughts and actions of men in days gone by. He understands an order in history which is not marked by the succession of kings or the signatures of treaties. Architecture and painting have their voices for him, and a symbolism higher than that which Durandus interpreted—he harmonizes St. Peter's with the splendid paganism of the Renaissance, and reads the story of the course of Italy in the sibyls and prophets of Michael Angelo. History written in this spirit is no longer the meaningless epitaph of a time that has buried its dead—it is the reconstruction of a living society, with shadows and sunshine, with day dreams of fancy and earnest questionings, amid quiet homes and the deadly struggles of the field.

The time of the religious wars of the League is scarcely one on which a patriot would care to dwell. While Spain was fighting for the likeness of an Imperial crown, and England working out liberty for the world, the breath of a noble purpose never fluttered the banners of France. The mother country of the crusades and St. Louis, it could not altogether abandon the Church of the Past—the early home of the Renaissance and Calvin, it could not forget that the dawn had broken in the skies. The only voice from its teachers was the cynical laugh of Rabelais, while the simple chants of Marot rose up from the camp of the enemy. Following the blind instincts of its fate, it had driven out the prophets of the new belief, and they had gone to found a divine commonwealth in Geneva. Half distrustful of its own position, it had looked to its monarchs for counsel and direction. Its Kings were the sons and the pupils of Catherine de' Medici. She is one of those women who have suffered from the indiscriminate zeal of their partisans. Philosophical Italians of the school of Machiavel ascribed to their countrywoman all the infamies of unscrupulous statecraft which their master had praised in Borgia. The dark purpose and bloody massacre—the licentious intrigue and the broken oath—were all necessary, in their eyes, to complete the ideal of a political romance. In reality, Catherine was a woman of very moderate abilities, and for that reason the more dangerous in such a country and at such a time. As a wife, she had fawned on her husband's mistress that she might catch a kind word from the King—as a mother, she intrigued in every Court and city that she might marry her sons to Queens, or obtain kingdoms for them. While an earthquake was heaving the stable thrones of Europe, she was only plotting a match for the Duke of Alençon. An easy, good-natured woman of the world, she would have preferred to compass her objects quietly. It was a sudden panic that made her venture on St. Bartholomew's—a more enduring fear bound her over a slave to the Guises. The niece of Leo X. was not likely to purchase the safety of heretics at the risk of her comfort or power. After all, she was better—or at least less contemptible—than her favourite son. Henry III. had been hailed for a time the Paladin of the faith of France, in the lurid splendours of Jarnac and Moncontour. He had tried to get the credit of the Paris massacres, but his star paled before the growing crescent

of Guise. As King, he found that the sincerity of his faith was openly called in question and discredited. He went in procession as a Flagellant, and the pulpit denounced him as *suspect*—he persecuted heretics, and the nation asked why he did not fulfil his coronation oath, and exterminate them? Only a few of the more charitable surmised that he might be Pagan, and not Protestant. For the honest indignation of the people felt that he who was not a man could not be a Catholic; and the last of the Valois was below the level of humanity. The true history of that Court can never be written again—it is too infamous. Marquering as a woman or a monk—by turns the shameless debauchee or the maudlin penitent—hounded by the public curses from the city he loved—driven to bay, and breaking loose in a cowardly murder—spurning the body of his foe, insulting his mother's death-bed, and himself dying like a dog—the King is before us still in the vivid chronicles of the time. But a later history may consent to be silent over him—like the salt waters and the long night that have closed above the Cities of the Plain.

Where was the nation to take refuge, when the Palace and the Church were alike desecrated and tottering? M. Michelet tells us that the Huguenots at this time were the truly national party—bound by their practice to an austere morality, and pledged unconsciously by their principles to freedom. Assuredly, a faction which had enrolled the names of Ramus and Coligny might fairly aspire to the dominion of thought and politics. But there was something ominous from the first in the beauty and completeness which household life had acquired among "the religion." They had women such as the heroic wife of their general, who looked forward calmly to the terrible advent of strife, and were martyrs in tearless expectation, while they bade their children go forth. There were families such as that of Stephanus, in which merely to live was an education, and where study and prayer led the soul through labour to God. But the heart of the people at large never kindled to hear the echo of Calvin's words. The creed of Geneva was a fanaticism of the intellect, shutting out art from man, and man from society, and all except the invisible Church from the sunshine of God's love. It gave support and discipline to a few ascetics, and flourished best where there were fewest to look upon it. When it reappeared in Jansenism, it was again a religion of the cloister and the hearth; but France turned away alike from the open revolt and the meditated reform. And France even at the time of the League was essentially moderate. It thought, with Montaigne, that religion was very much like dress—a matter dependent on climate and personal taste. It was irritated by the aggressive tendencies of a faith which sought curiously to examine the grounds of belief—it had a sentiment in favour of art, and the old liturgies, and European sympathies. It was at best rather indifferent than just, and had never any conception of supporting justice by arms. Thus the field was left open for the noisy bigots of the League. Much like their successors in the more modern Reign of Terror, they worked by secret committee and house-to-house visitations. Their great organ was the pulpit; and the good citizen was the man who attended church, paid his dues scrupulously, and walked in procession. It is the misfortune of popular movements in Paris, that a rabble of this sort is allowed its day of license, though retribution infallibly comes at last. But M. Michelet has allowed his republican sympathies to mislead him, when he speaks of democracy and liberty as watchwords or ideas of any party in France in the sixteenth century. It is quite true that there was rebellion against the Church and against the State, and that men talked of deposing princes and of the right of regicide. But liberty still meant privilege, as it had meant in the middle ages, and kingdoms were still estates that devolved on the next heir. The confusion arises from the fact that, among both parties, the theocratic idea of government prevailed. Men cared little for the dust of politics, but much for what Goethe has described as the distinction of *Pater Noster* and *Our Father*. The first duty of the State was not to levy taxes or manage the police, but to give its unswerving support to the Church of Christ. Thus the civil magistrate at Geneva, as at Madrid, was little more than a familiar of a holy office of Bishops or Presbyters. And if the citizen could not hold property unless his faith were beyond suspicion, much less could the Sovereign possess in peace the more conspicuous heritage of royalty.

The contest, therefore, in every State was European rather than local—and this to an extent that the actors themselves scarcely knew. M. Michelet shows, by convincing proofs, that the barricades of Paris were part of the tactics which Philip planned in the Escorial. France must be occupied and agitated, if the Armada was to succeed. Thanks to the stormy waters, Dutch insurgents, and the daring of an angry nation of seamen, that motley army of inquisitors and knights never desecrated the village homes of England. The black wrecks in the Channel, the burning villages on the Spanish coast, and triumphant crusades of the avenging foe against Spanish colonies, were the terrible answer of Freedom from the white cliffs of the North. By a righteous retribution, the tide of war rolled back upon Paris and France. The Spanish ambassador became a third power in the kingdom, sustaining the heroic defence of the capital against Henri IV., compromising with famine, and chiding down disaffection, calling in the dying energies of Parma and the bloody ravin of his troops. What he might have achieved if the visions of Philip's old age had been less imperial, must be matter of mere conjecture. Possibly the

* *La Ligue et Henri IV.* Par J. Michelet. Paris. London: Williams and Norgate.

Infanta, if she had married one of the numerous French Princes who were then playing for a crown, might have added France to the circle of Spanish dominion. But it was quite certain that the nation would not again open up the question of a disputed succession for the rights of an Austrian Archduke, or the love of his father-in-law. Paris, conciliated by a timely apostasy, consented to throw open its gates to the King of Navarre. The Duke of Feria, with his sullen veterans, went out in impassible dignity, through the Porte St. Denis, saluting the King as he passed. The joyful shouts of the people rang in his ears—the last visions of universal monarchy disappeared with the towers of the city he left behind. Paris was no longer the outpost of Madrid or the citadel of Rome.

For a nation weary of the struggle of faith, and without a hero, there remained no higher ideal of sovereignty than was embodied in Henri IV. A true Gascon, as M. Michelet calls him, he was for ever flashing into light in some new adventure—winning battles or risking his crown in a brilliant cavalry charge—making love to the daughters of Huguenot burghers, or intriguing with abbesses whose hearts were false to the League—by turns blockading Paris, and sending provisions to the distressed Princesses within it—dazzled and betrayed in the last years of his life by the vision of a European crusade against Spain. Assuredly, Henry was quite innocent of the profound policy which M. Martin ascribes to him; but he was not as despicable as M. Michelet covertly hints. His conversion was no doubt insincere, but scarcely more unreal than his confession of Calvinism had been. At a time when morality seemed the appanage of Protestantism, the better nature of the young Prince drew him to it. Recollections of his mother's teaching and prayers were with him in the Circian sty of the Court; and those who watched by his bedchamber heard him groaning out penitential psalms in the nights of his frivolous days. A clear intellect and the genial love of a jest found exercise and amusement in breaking through the fence of sophistry which polemical dullards had thrown about a church not, indeed, destroyed, but not as yet reconstructed. But a quick susceptibility to art, and a generous sense of chivalry, led him off from the cold logic of "the religion" to the gorgeous symbolism of the church and its inner doctrines of sacrifice. Montaigne had early observed that the King of Navarre was not at heart a Calvinist. He described his own religion best when he said that he belonged to the faith of all gallant and honourable men. This generosity of temperament is the secret of much that appears enlightened in his policy. When he declined to surrender Calais to Elizabeth, he was French from a sense of honour, not from patriotism—he tried to destroy monopolies in trade from a simple scorn of unequal privileges—he entered the lists against Philip with the spirit of a knight-errant against a giant. And because his wisdom was merely that of instinct, it was commonly barren of result. But neither his state-craft nor his heart were as much at fault as is commonly said, in the terms given to the Huguenots. The man whom France had accepted was no longer chief of a party, but king of a nation. What the faction clamorously demanded was the restitution of privileges which the nation had waded through bloodshed and ruin to annul. What Henry granted was so extensive that it almost rekindled the embers of civil war. It was an armed independence, by which life and property were secure, and a toleration of the faith of dissenters, so much resembling a civil establishment that their zeal died away into apathy and formalism. Those who put their faith in princes have seldom found truer friendship than Henry showed.

We await with pleasure the volume on Richelieu which M. Michelet promises. From the form into which he has cast his essays they will never altogether supply the place of a consecutive history; but, for estimating the position of France in Europe, and of French intellect in the world of thought, they are without a predecessor and without a rival.

SLAVERY; AND ITS REMEDIES.*

WE have been deluged with anti-slavery literature of late years. The wrongs of the negro are precisely of that class on which the English people love to expend their sympathy. His sufferings are real and practical, and require neither effort of thought nor glow of fancy to apprehend them. The coldest imagination can realize the unpleasantness of being flogged to death. At the same time, our denunciations do not involve the necessity either of self-censure or self-amendment. It is not often that we can have the luxury of being humane without paying for it; but, in the present case, we are fairly entitled to the indulgence, in consideration of the boldness with which we faced the cost and risk of emancipation in our own colonies. Accordingly, the Abolitionist champions, whether they appear in the guise of novelists or travellers, have always received a hearty welcome among us. Few of us can forget the *furor* which Mrs. Stowe's book excited in England. Every class anathematized slavery with a unanimity of execration which we generally reserve exclusively for Cardinal Wiseman. As for Mrs. Stowe herself, she attained the pinnacle of true Republican ambition—she was

lionized and petted by a duchess. Attracted by the magnet of such patronage as this, it is not wonderful that many a stray missile from the American fray has fallen on our shores. In truth, between Mrs. Stowe and the late Presidential election, the subject has become somewhat stale; but the shelves of publishers still groan with the philanthropy of pamphleteers. Any new claimant on our attention must show cause why he should not be consigned to the limbo of all threadbare themes—why he should not moulder beside Newdegate on the Jew-Bill, and Berkeley on the Ballot. Assuredly, it is not his style which will save Dr. Hall from such a fate. He is one of those authors who rely for vigour entirely on their printer. If the correction of the press had been entrusted to a committee of school-girls, the array of italics, capitals, and notes of admiration could not have been more formidable. At the same time, the pathos and the eloquence are worthy of the *Morning Herald* itself. In fact, Dr. Hall seems to combine in his single pen the graces which adorn feminine composition at all periods of life.

But, badly as they are dressed, the ideas contained in his book rise considerably above the mass of the literature to which it belongs. He abstains from a mere parade of well-culled anecdotes, which, after all, never indicate the average of the tendencies which they are quoted to illustrate, but only the extremest range to which those tendencies have run. He points out the obstacles which lie in the way of the Abolitionist, and at the same time shows great judgment in discriminating the evils which are the true reproach of American slavery, and for which no expediency, no material exigencies, can afford the faintest palliation. These do not consist in the barbarities which may be occasionally practised, and which are generally quoted as the condemnation of the system. Mr. Dickens, Mrs. Stowe, and other writers have surfeited us with horrors, and have drawn from them their main argument against slavery. Yet it is evident, from the nature of the case, that these must be exceptional. If one moiety of the population were in the habit of putting the other moiety—a race physically stronger than themselves—to refined and causeless torture, their crimes would, long ere this, have been avenged and arrested by a servile war. But it is the constant testimony of all travellers who do not cross the Atlantic with the fixed intention of paying their passage-money by the proceeds of a biting satire, that the prototypes of Legree are rare. Dr. Hall himself quotes, as a proof of the degradation of the negroes, that many of them prefer slavery to freedom. Indeed, the very charge that negroes are treated like cattle implies that they are generally cared for like cattle. Isolated acts of cruelty are no more an argument against slavery than against omnibus-driving. The real opprobrium of the system lies in this—that its existence absolutely requires the utter degradation, moral and intellectual, of the unhappy race over whom it reigns. Men with living souls have to bear the part, and submit to the degradation, of brutes; and therefore all that art can do must be done to liken them to brutes. Education is proscribed by savage laws. It is not merely that the school-master and the missionary are forbidden to ply their craft among the slaves of an unwilling owner—the owner himself, even if he be so minded, dare not allow his wife or daughters to teach the alphabet to a black boy on the estate. "The ample page, rich with the stores of time," the accumulated heritage of the human race, is sealed to them, not by want of means or opportunity, but by the selfishness of those who have the might, acting under the sacred sanctions of law. The world has been plagued by many a capricious tyrant, and law has been perverted to cloak many a strange freak of oppression; but from Deioces to Yeh, from King Tarquin to King Ferdinand, it has never entered the head of the wildest of them to put knowledge itself under a ban. It was reserved for a model republic to put the coping-stone on the edifice of despotism. The reason of this proud pre-eminence is plain. The feudal lord might let his serfs pick up, if they liked, the rudiments of learning from the neighbouring monastery, and the Roman master might be surrounded with slaves whose high education formed their market value, because serfdom and slavery were accepted by the opinion of the age, and there could be no danger of slaves learning to assert rights which would be looked upon by everybody else as imaginary. But the Americans have to contend, not only with the denunciations of Christendom, but with their own loudly proclaimed doctrines. Crime, therefore, has to be propped by crime. The slave-owning vindicators of freedom must, in mere self-preservation, shut out the light from their victims—else it would be impossible to maintain slavery in a land whose first principle is that all men are inalienably free.

But the depth of their degradation is not sufficiently represented by the fact that education is absolutely closed to them. They are cattle; and if more cattle are wanted, they must increase like cattle. Accordingly, the American law lays down that marriage is incompatible with the condition of a slave; and the theory is thoroughly carried out. Slave-breeding has become a trade. Whole States—Virginia and Kentucky, for example—have devoted themselves to that department of industry; and the slave-breeder shows, in the exercise of his craft, about as much regard to the sanctity of marriage as is shown by the shepherd or the dog-fancier. In most Eastern countries the slave-market feeds the harem, especially where Mohammedanism prevails; but this system has no analogy to the degradations of

* *The Facts of the Twofold Slavery of the United States. Carefully collected during a Personal Tour in the Years 1853 and 1854. By Marshall Hall, M.D., F.R.S., Member of the Institute of France, &c. London: Scott.*

slave-breeding in America. There, in a Christian country—smiled on by ministers of the Gospel as “a peculiar domestic institution”—is an hereditary caste of prostitutes and adulterers. The tone of morality of every negro man and woman is, in the Southern States, irrevocably fixed from their cradles; and that tone is a direct negative of the precepts of Christianity. This, far more than individual acts of barbarity, or violations of a theoretic right of freedom, is the “damned spot” on American institutions which bluster cannot shroud nor expediency wash out.

Dr. Hall exposes with much force the inadequacy of the two remedies which are popular among the champions of liberty in the North. Sudden abolition would starve slave and master alike. The natives of tropical climates are naturally indolent; and the fact that no motive to work has ever been held out to him except the lash, makes him look upon idleness as a convertible term for Paradise. The example of the English colonies sufficiently proves that the sudden cessation of slavery would be the sudden cessation of labour. Nor could the place of the negroes be supplied by a large importation of European labourers, even if capital for so gigantic an enterprise could be found. The cultivation of some of the crops—rice, for example—is fatal to the health of the white man. M. de Tocqueville’s summary remedy—*ne peut-on pas se passer de rizières?*—is not calculated to recommend any scheme of abolition in the eyes of a Southern landowner. But a still greater difficulty remains behind, in what Dr. Hall calls the “second slavery” of the United States—in other words, in the invincible objection which the white man has to give protection, or even toleration, to the black. The popular idea of a Free State is a place where a man may go where he likes, and do what he likes, so long as he does not injure his neighbour. But this is not the conception which many of the Free States of America have formed of their functions. Setting aside the Fugitive Slave Law, in respect to which the North is probably more chargeable with cowardice than with complicity, the internal legislation of many of the States calling themselves free is utterly disgraceful to communities that have the language of the Declaration of Independence on their lips. In Indiana and Illinois, a free African is forbidden by the law to reside in the State or to follow any useful occupation. If he ventures to put such an interpretation on his freedom, he is liable to be resold into slavery. The legislation in Ohio is equally severe. In Connecticut, the whites for many years retained upon their statute-book an act prohibiting the education of free black children; and with such ferocity was it enforced, that they actually imprisoned a lady for teaching the alphabet to some African girls, who, according to the theory of the law, were as free as herself. This legislative excommunication descends into still more extraordinary minutiae. In New York, a black man may be a minister of religion—nay, he may be a Doctor in Divinity—but he is not allowed to enter an omnibus. In Philadelphia, the prohibition is stronger still—a black man may not drive an omnibus. We shall learn henceforth to view with more reverence the noble craft and mystery of omnibus-driving. So far as we know, the Americans are the only great people who think it necessary, by legislative interference, to guarantee the purity of their blood. Aristocratic as the English are accused of being, these extravagances seem incredible to us, who see the Minister of Hayti at a levee without feeling half the incongruity which is produced by his American colleague’s ostentatious eccentricity of dress. But it is plain that, with these monstrous feelings of repulsion, if it is difficult to convert slaves into willing labourers, slaveowners will be ten times more reluctant to subside into the character of employers. The intensity of feeling is too strong to endure, without an entire convulsion of society, so sudden a change as total abolition.

The scheme of colonization in Liberia Dr. Hall dismisses with deserved contempt. How far it is likely to accomplish the end which it professes to have in view, may be judged from the fact that, in 1852, the increase of slaves was fifteen times as great as the number of emigrants whom the Colonization Society were able to send out. Dr. Hall hints that they feel a keener interest in getting rid of the incubus of the free blacks than in any other advantage likely to result from the scheme. This is very possible. Mrs. Partington is generally to be found in the ranks of that class of philanthropists who have an eye to the main chance. It amuses an uneasy conscience to mop up the flood which its own guilt has let loose.

His own remedy Dr. Hall shall state in his own somewhat boastful words:—

Pressed by all these difficulties, or rather impossibilities, what is to be done to remove this giant evil of slavery—of the twofold slavery, for such it is—from the United States?

Happily, I believe, I have a well-matured proposition to make to effect this great object, a proposition as effectual as that object is momentous and grand.—It is that of a plan of SELF-EMANCIPATION—so framed as to strike at the very root of all slavery, radiating at once its degradation, its ignorance, its injustice, and its irreligion.

I propose that a system of education, and discipline, and preparation be adopted; that a just and generous premium be placed on each slave; that task-work and over-work be appointed him, in the place of day-work; that he be led by this means to achieve his own emancipation, the wages for his over-work being secured, with liberal interest, in savings banks; that his efforts be seconded by the generosity of others; that when the sum appointed is thus accumulated, it be paid over to his master by the proper authorities, and that he be declared—free! That, when free, he be retained, if he desire it, in his former position, receiving just wages.

Unhappily, this, like every other remedy, presupposes a wis-

dom and a self-sacrifice not often found in those who have habitually lived on the brutalization of their fellow-men. Meanwhile, the prospect is a fearful one. The Africans breed faster than the white man; and the cry is everywhere, not for a slower but for a more rapid increase of slaves. Already, in some States, they equal the white population; and, already, savage repressive laws indicate that they are beginning to feel their power and their wrongs. But their masters will not see it. The sin that hardens also blinds. Perverted morality avenges itself. An overweening confidence in prescriptive superiority is the direct and unfailing consequence of the haughty selfishness which consents to exalt itself on the misery of others.

TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN CHALDEA.*

THE volume before us is the result of two journeys in the countries which it describes—the first made in connexion with the Commission which was sent in 1849 to settle the frontier between Persia and Turkey, and the second undertaken in 1853 under the auspices of the Committee of the Assyrian Excavation Fund. Mr. Loftus originally hoped that his discoveries would be laid before the public *in extenso* by the body which we have just named; but as this has not been done, he now gives us a portion of them on his own account. He was attached to the Frontier Commission in the capacity of geologist, and reached Diarbekir in March, 1849. Thence he proceeded down the flooded Tigris on a *kelek*, or raft of skins—reaching Bagdad, which had been fixed upon as the place of rendezvous, on the 5th of May. From this point he made an expedition to Babylon, of which he gives a short account, referring his readers for fuller information to the works of Layard and others. From Babylon he went to Meshed ‘Ali, the great mosque which rises in the town of Nedjef over the tomb of the martyred saint of the Sheahs. This was a service of danger, for the population is fierce and fanatical; but the Turkish military governor of the province, not sorry to put a slight upon the adverse sect, assisted the infidels, and they penetrated into the court which separates the shrine from the outer world. Mr. Loftus describes its beauty in the very strongest terms:—

Like the generality of mosques, that of Meshed ‘Ali is arranged in the form of a rectangle. The mausoleum stands nearly in the centre of a large court, the walls of which, as well as those of the principal building, are adorned from top to base with square encaustic tiles. The design on these is a succession of scrolls, leaves, and doves wrought into the most intricate patterns. The colours, though bright, are so admirably and harmoniously blended and softened down by lines of white, that the surface appears like a rich mosaic set in silver. Each wall is divided by two tiers of blind arches, ornamented throughout in similar manner, above each of which are texts from the Koran written in letters of gold. Two highly-decorated gateways, deeply set in lofty flat panels, give admission to the great court of the mosque, and serve to relieve the otherwise monotonous aspect of the enclosure. The summit of the mausoleum walls is likewise surrounded by passages from the Koran. At three corners are minarets, two of which in front are covered throughout with gilt tiles, said to have cost two tomans (17 sterling) each. These, together with a magnificent dome of the same costly material give to the *tout ensemble* a gorgeous appearance. Seen in the distance, with the sun shining upon it, the dome of Meshed ‘Ali might be mistaken for a mound of gold rising from the level deserts. Before the door of the shrine stands an elegant fountain of brass, bright and polished like the dome itself.

If the court of this remarkable building be so gorgeously and extravagantly adorned, we may perhaps credit the accounts of its internal richness and magnificence. Slabs of the purest gold are said to pave the flooring of the sanctuary, and utensils innumerable and of unknown value—the gifts of the pious—to decorate the shrine. If all be true which Oriental tongue speaks, we are called on to believe that a mint of untold treasure lies concealed in the vaults below.

Nedjef is one of the most important places of sepulture in the Mohammedan world. The neighbouring graveyard city of Kerbella, which derives its sanctity from the tomb of Husséyn, the second son of Ali, is even more resorted to. Unlike most Mohammedan cemeteries, that of Kerbella is sadly neglected. The brickwork of the graves has fallen in, and jackals and hyenas prowl about. From Kerbella the travellers returned to Bagdad, where they spent Christmas. In the end of December they again started for Mohammerah, the southern point of the disputed boundary-line. Some of them were conveyed to their destination by the armed steamer *Nitocris*; but Mr. Loftus preferred to go across the Jezireh, or island—the name given to the district between the Tigris and Euphrates. He did this partly with the view of exploring the geology of the Chaldean marshes, partly from a wish to visit Warka, of which we shall hear more presently. Starting from Bagdad with Mr. Churchill and others, he travelled south, reaching Hillah in three days. Two days more brought him across a sandy desert intersected by numerous ancient water-courses to the ruins of Niffar, perhaps the ancient Calneh, sacred to Belus, and the parent city of Babylon. This place has been described by Mr. Layard. From Niffar Mr. Loftus proceeded, in a sort of punt, across the “waste enormous marsh,” through long lanes formed by reeds twelve or fourteen feet high, to the town of Divanija, where he got an escort from the authorities, and pushed on for three days through an uninteresting desert, cut up by streams which had to be crossed upon frail rafts. On the morning of the fourth day’s ride, he caught a glimpse of the ruins of Hammam, one of those great Chaldean piles which, looming among the marshes, robed in mist, magnified

* *Travels and Researches in Chaldaea and Susiana.* By William Kennett Loftus, F.G.S. London: Nisbet and Co. 1857.

and elevated by the mirage, so powerfully affect the imagination of travellers, when it has been already excited by the strange mystery which shrouds their annals. Mr. Loftus did not make excavations at Hammam, either on this or on his subsequent journey; but he draws the attention of others who may be interested in such researches to this spot. At length the travellers arrived in sight of Warka:—

Three massive piles rose prominent before our view from an extensive and confused series of mounds, at once showing the importance of the ruins which we—their first European visitors—now rapidly approached. The whole was surrounded by a lofty and strong line of earthen ramparts, concealing from view all but the principal objects. Beyond the walls were several conical mounds resembling, in their general form, that of Tel Ede—one of which equalled in altitude the highest structure within the circumscribed area. Each step that we took, after crossing the walls, convinced me that Warka was a much more important place than had been hitherto supposed, and that its vast mounds, abounding in objects of the highest interest, deserved a thorough exploration. I determined, therefore, on using every effort to make researches at Warka, which, of all the ruins in Chaldaea, is alone worthy to rank with those of Babylon and Nineveh.

Here they remained, on this first occasion, only two days. Passing on, they visited the great Babylonian temple of Mugeyer, "the only one which remains in good preservation, and is not wholly covered with rubbish," supposed by Sir H. Rawlinson to mark the site of Ur of the Chaldees. At length Busrah was reached, and the travellers were soon carried down its narrow inlet, amongst woods of pomegranate, date, and acacia, to the united stream of the Tigris and Euphrates, the noble Shat-el-Arab. They left the river on its eastern bank, and after six hours' riding across the desert, arrived amongst the date groves of Mohammerah, in Persia, situated near the head of the Delta of the Tigris and Euphrates.

When Colonel, now Sir W. F. Williams of Kars, saw the plans, drawings, and antiquities, which had been brought from Warka, he advanced the money which was necessary, directing Mr. Loftus to return thither. He did so, and spent much time and trouble in exploring its ruins. This city is probably the Erech of Genesis, and the Ardericca of Herodotus:—

The desolation and solitude of Warka are even more striking than the scene which is presented at Babylon itself. There is no life for miles around. No river glides in grandeur at the base of its mounds; no green date groves flourish near its ruins. The jackal and hyena appear to shun the dull aspect of its tombs. The king of birds never hovers over the deserted waste. A blade of grass or an insect finds no existence there. The shrivelled lichen alone, clinging to the weathered surface of the broken brick, seems to glory in its universal dominion upon those barren walls.

Like Kerbella and Nedjef, Warka seems to have been a sacred burial-place. Perhaps there is no spot in the world—not even Thebes—says Mr. Loftus, "which can compare with Warka in this respect." For 2500 years a procession of the dead seems to have moved steadily towards it.

The general results of the excavations, which are described at great length, were that an immense number of interesting objects of all sorts were found, and much new information was gained about the Chaldean method of sepulture, and about a style of architecture older than that with which explorers of these regions have been hitherto familiar. From Warka, Mr. Loftus went to the ruins of Sinkara, where, apparently at a later period, he carried on extensive researches at the expense of the Assyrian Excavation Fund, bringing to light many valuable objects—tombs, coffins, cylinders, and clay tablets. The ruins at Tel Sifr, not far from this, yielded many antiquities now in the British Museum. Mr. Loftus's stay in the district was cut short by the commencement of the inundations. He turned sorrowfully from his beloved mounds, and made his way back to Mohammerah. Here he found the members of the frontier Commission waiting to begin their work. Mohammerah is terribly unhealthy. English, Russians, and Orientals, were all attacked by a curious and distressing complaint, and the mosquitoes were perfectly intolerable. No wonder, then, that Mr. Loftus was glad to make his escape and to start for Susa, which lies far to the north-east of Mohammerah, in a healthier and cooler climate. At Ahwaz, he and his companions caught sight of the distant mountains, and met the fresh breeze which blew from their long and lofty line. Thence they advanced to Shuster or Little Susa, which rose into importance as the ancient capital declined, but is now itself fallen and utterly wretched. Their next stage was Dizful (bridge of the Diz), the Manchester of that part of Persia, but a place even more detestable than the neighbouring city. Not far from Dizful are the ruins of Susa, now called Shush, the same as Shushan of the book of Esther. This city, once so famous, whence Xerxes marched against Greece, and the treasury of the later sovereigns of Persia, is surrounded by verdant plains, clothed by the richest vegetation, and dotted with a delicate sweet scented Iris (*Iris Slayrinchium*), which very possibly gave its name to the place, for Shushan means "the lily." This is its aspect in spring, but for nine months in the year the country is burnt up. Strabo says that the lizards and serpents could not cross the streets of Susa during the midday heat of summer without being roasted, and he was apparently not so very far wrong. Mr. Loftus puts the locality very clearly before us:—

Far in the south is seen the continuation of the Ahwaz low range intervening between Susa and the plains of Hawiza, while, on the north and north-east, are the snow-topped chains of Luristan and the Bakhtiyari skirted by external and gradually lowering ridges of sandstone and gravel conglomerate. It is difficult to conceive a more imposing site than Susa, as it stood in the days of its splendour—its great citadel and columnar edifices raising their stately heads above groves of date, konar, and lemon trees—sur-

rounded by rich pastures and golden seas of corn—and backed by the distant snow-clad mountains. Neither Babylon nor Persepolis could compare with Susa in position—watered by her noble rivers, producing crops without irrigation, clothed with grass in spring, and within a moderate journey of a delightful summer clime. Susa vied with Babylon in the riches which the Euphrates conveyed to her stores, while Persepolis must have been inferior both in point of commercial position and picturesque appearance. Under the lee of a great mountain range, the columns of Persepolis rise like the masts of ships taking shelter from a storm, and their otherwise majestic appearance is lost in the magnitude of the huge bare rocky mass towering above them. Susa, on the contrary, stood on the open plain, with nothing in immediate proximity to detract from her imposing and attractive tableau.

There was at first a good deal of trouble and discussion about the proposed excavations at Susa; but at last the difficulties were got over, and ere long Colonel Williams and the whole English party assembled on the spot. Before very much had been done, however, duty called them all back to Mohammerah. At a later period, operations were resumed, and ivories, inscriptions and columns were discovered. Broken alabaster vases, spearheads and coins, with much else, were also found and carried off. On the whole, Mr. Loftus, although he by no means accomplished all he wished—owing to the opposition of the priests at Dizful, the jealousy of the population, and the fear entertained by the devotees lest the infidel should defile and plunder the tomb of Daniel the prophet—nevertheless did a great deal, as well here as at Warka and Sinkara. It is needless to recommend his work to those who have a special interest in the regions which it describes, for they have no doubt read it ere this; but there are many people whose indifference to Babylonian and Chaldean antiquities is most profound, who will nevertheless derive pleasure and profit from turning over the pages of this volume. Mr. Loftus, as the extracts which we have made will prove, can describe clearly and forcibly. He gives many geological details which will not be without interest. His remarks, for example, on the delta between Mohammerah and the sea, which has increased at the rate of one mile during every seventy years of our era, are very curious. We also glean from his pages some information about the plants with which he met, and his sketches of Oriental character are very life-like. There are two things in his book which will please every one. In the first place, when viewed in connexion with the labours of others, it holds out a prospect that, ere our generation has disappeared, the results of investigation into early human history in the countries watered by the Tigris and Euphrates will become matters of assured knowledge; and secondly, it raises a hope that, as the moral and intellectual superiority of Europeans is more and more felt in those countries, it will become easier to introduce civilization, and to turn back the tide of prosperity to a part of the world whence it has so long ebbed. If every Englishman who travels in the East leaves behind him the same impression with which a wild Arab parted from Mr. Loftus, he will deserve well of mankind:—

Drawing himself up to his full height, he replied, "O Beg! the Dhefyris have heard in their deserts that the Englizi speaks the truth, but they have never met with such a wonder. I shall tell them, inshallah! on my return, what I did not before credit, that the Englizi never lies—his word is as straight as my spear! For the kindness you have shown me the Dhefyri will prove his gratitude when a Firenghi crosses his path! For your sake, he shall be my brother!"

FREIDA THE JONGLEUR.*

WE have heard Mr. James's very popular novels described as "Scott and water." We are constrained to say that Miss Barbara Hemphill's effort at an historical novel can only be described as a still more liberal dilution of James. Rhapsodies of commonplace, and melodramatic situations stitched on to the personages and events of a stirring time, are Miss Hemphill's simple recipe of composition. Her ideal of fiction is a succession of startling incidents; and the more incidents are crammed into it, the better she esteems the fiction. All the old melodramatic properties which have been used, and used up, by Harrison Ainsworth or Alexandre Dumas—secret passages, impenetrable disguises, judicial murders, vindictive princes, scheming gipsies, pitiless monks—are brought out and furnished up anew, to eke out her scanty resources of attraction. If our authoress could only induce the world to accept these as the beauties of a novel, critics as well as authors would have cause to thank her; for the merits of a work could then be ascertained, not by such delicate tests as the delineation of character or the construction of a plot, but by the simple process of enumeration. Let the public only try her by her own system, and she has achieved a triumphant success. Such a choice collection of genuine horrors have rarely been collected into so short a composition. There are two sieges, three capital trials, eleven hairbreadth escapes, one suicide, four executions—two of them involving many deaths. And the *dramatis personae* are worthy of these events. Miss Hemphill stoops to no vulgar characters—she has retained the services of one sultan, one emperor, three kings, and two princes, besides an unlimited retinue of bishops and barons. After having tantalized our readers with these gorgeous anticipations, we ought to give an outline of the story. But the task is rather difficult, for the plot is so complicated and fragmentary that it may be rather described as a collection of scenes from a great many

* *Freida the Jongleur*. By Barbara Hemphill, Author of "Lionel Deerp-hurst; or, Fashionable Life under the Regency," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

plots, like the programme at the Opera on a grand extra night. The main personage of the story is the "Jongleur," or gipsy, Freida, who gives her name to the book. The idea of her character and that of her tribe is obviously taken from Hayraddin Maugrabin. The story extends over a quarter of a century, and is mainly occupied with her adventures in prisons, courts, and camps. Indeed, the authoress, with a bold aspiration after epic dignity, imitates a favourite mannerism of the great poets, by making her tell a great part of the story herself to a sympathizing bishop. Virgil at least gives Æneas and his hearers the benefit of a comfortable dining-room, and a couch to lie down upon, during his unquestionably long-winded autobiography; but our authoress condemns the unfortunate bishop to listen to a volume and a quarter from the unflagging Freida, at midnight, in an open ruin near Paris. The very idea is enough to make the sympathizing reader shiver. Indeed that is the only profound emotion with which the book is likely to affect him.

The story, so far as we can prune it into an intelligible form, is as follows:—Guy d'Auvergne, a distinguished Templar, falls in love with a Visconti named Beatrix. By a secret dispensation obtained from the Pope, he marries her, and has one child. He next appears at Acre, where the Christians are making their last desperate defence against the infidel. In the intervals of their warlike toil, the Templars are fond of amusing themselves with the dancing of the Jongleurs. Freida is among the *corps de ballet* who are performing at Acre. She is intensely beautiful, virtuous, loving, and accomplished, besides possessing all those mysterious powers over nature and her fellow-creatures which are becoming in the heroine of a mediæval tale. Guy falls in love with her, and marries her, too, and has by her another son, named Edrid. Immediately after the marriage, Acre is taken by the infidels, and Guy and his second wife retire to Cyprus, where they live in great happiness for a considerable time. We cannot help wondering what the Grand Master of the order thought of this proceeding; for, whatever other licence may have been imputed to the order, they certainly did not "marry and sell out" in this fashion. However, after a time the gay bigamist's heart returned to his former love, and he abandoned Freida and her child. He returned to Beatrix. Meanwhile, Charles of Valois, the brother of Philip the Fair, who had intended to marry Beatrix himself, had for many years nursed his revenge for the disappointment against the whole body of the Templars. The result was the famous suppression of that order, and the frightful cruelties to which they were subjected. Guy was one of the most prominent victims. Together with the Grand Master, he was condemned to the stake by Philip the Fair himself. The authoress dwells, of course, with much profusion of description, and a perfect contempt for historical accuracy, on the famous scene in which De Molay summoned his accusers within the year to confront him before the judgment seat of Christ. Meanwhile, Freida has retired with her son Edrid to Jaffa. She has her own views of education, and resolves to try the experiment of bringing him up without any knowledge at all. It will horrify Sir John Pakington to learn that, in consequence of this training, he became a model of spotless purity. They leave Jaffa when he is grown up, and, losing all their property in a wreck, are reduced to beggary in Paris. At last Freida falls ill of low diet; and Edrid, who among other items of his ignorance has been brought up with a perfect unconsciousness of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, walks into a church and steals a jewel which he finds upon the altar, in order to supply her wants. He is detected; and they are both arrested and imprisoned. The King of France at this time is Louis Hutin—the minister, Enguerrand de Marigny. Now, Charles of Valois had a grudge against De Marigny, because the latter had accused him, very justly, of peculation. Accordingly, Charles seizes the occasion of the disappearance of the jewel stolen by Edrid to accuse De Marigny of the theft.

We must not proceed without pausing to congratulate Miss Hemphill on the fertility of her invention, and her delicate estimate of probabilities. We cannot follow in detail the lengthy negotiations which take place in the prison between Freida and Charles of Valois—the prince seeking to inculcate De Marigny, and the Jongleur stipulating for the release of her son. De Valois fails, as might be expected, to fix on De Marigny the charge of pilfering the sacred jewel. But he finds out, what is more to his purpose, that the Minister has in his possession certain waxen images, by which Charles is enabled to fix on him the charge of sorcery, and to bring him and his family ultimately to the gibbet. Freida discovers this fact through her brother, who is the Minister's secretary; and she betrays it to De Valois, in order that he may save her son. Meanwhile, Edrid is converted to Christianity by a sermon he happened to hear just before he stole the jewel. His trial comes on. It takes place—Miss Hemphill sticks at nothing—in the palace, in the presence of the King and his assembled nobles. This gives an opportunity for one of those striking scenes so dear to the Thespis of the Surrey side. Freida, as agreed upon, swears that Enguerrand de Marigny bribed her son to own falsely that he stole the jewel. But her son, having become a Christian, declines to back so impudent a lie. Nothing, therefore, remains, except to pass sentence of death. But Edrid can sing; and, by way of relieving the tedium of the proceed-

ings, Charles asks him to give them a specimen of his skill. Those were times when etiquette was more rigidly observed than now; but conceive the Duke of Cambridge proposing publicly to Lord Campbell, as soon as the Attorney-General had finished his reply in the Rugeley poisoning case, that Mr. William Palmer should favour the spectators with a hymn. However, the effect seems to have surpassed anything that is told of Orpheus or Cecilia; for the music entranced, not the denizens of heaven or the wild beasts of the earth, but the dissolute nobility of a feudal Court. We are told that "Charles de Valois . . . caught him in his arms, embraced him, and called out, 'Louis, you must save this minstrel, if only to sing us the songs of Heaven.'" But, unluckily, at this moment Freida rushes forward to implore their mercy; and she seems by this time to have become so remarkably ill-favoured that "the tide of feeling is at once changed," and Edrid is condemned to death.

Years pass away. Freida imagines that her son has died on the gibbet; but it is not so; for, by the contrivance of the bishop who converted him, one of De Marigny's waxen figures is substituted in his place. Hubert Clisson, a jeweller, was the instrument of this benevolent fraud; and, in order to its success, he is obliged to go through the apparent execution with pretended haste, so as to finish it before the regular executioner can arrive. But Freida (who is made to see the whole scene from a window), imputes the haste of Edrid's death to Clisson's ferocity, and for years broods over contrivances of revenge. At last the occasion falls in her way, in the person of Bona, Clisson's daughter, whom Freida persecutes right through the third volume. We should bewilder our readers if we attempted to elucidate the infinite complexity of this new phase of the story. Suffice it to say that a lover for Bona appears in the person of Guy d'Auvergne's son by Beatrix, and consequently, in a left-handed sort of way, Freida's step-son; and that this gentleman, by name Rhodolphe, also manages to be sentenced to death, for alleged sorcery. For love of Guy's memory, however, Freida resolves to save him.

The book is now approaching its conclusion, and Miss Hemphill puts forth all her powers. She certainly adheres to that idea of art which defines it to be an improvement upon nature. Freida's contrivance is this. She prevails upon the Queen—who, of course, has a gipsy for her *confidante*—to go at midnight to the Provost and persuade him, by the gift of all her jewels, to let Rhodolphe go. The Provost is an avaricious man, but he replies that both King and people expect an execution the next morning, and that, if he balked them, he should probably have to furnish the amusement in his own person; but he adds that, if the Queen could persuade any one else to come and be hanged in Rhodolphe's stead, he should be delighted to accede to her wishes. Freida is by no means at a loss, though the execution is only four hours off. She induces a young lady who is in love with Rhodolphe to persuade a young man who is in love with her, to agree to go and be hanged in Rhodolphe's stead—a stretch of loverlike docility of which this bad world does not often furnish an example. It ought to be said that this estimable young man is no other than the Edrid, Freida's son, who ought to have been hanged before, and to whom, therefore, like the eels on a well-known occasion, the ceremony has become a matter of indifference. Rhodolphe is accordingly let go, and Edrid prepares to take his place. Just, however, as the prison doors close on him, it occurs to Freida that she has trespassed too far on the youth's good-nature, and she is seized with remorse. Two results follow, the first of which seems to have but a limited connexion with its cause. She is converted, at three o'clock in the morning, to Christianity, and the author gives us her experiences:—

As hopeless she turned away, a dizziness seized her; loud hissings, resembling the roaring of waters, ran through her ears; then came sounds like the groans of the dying, or the wailing of condemned spirits. Convulsive shiverings shook her frame, whirling her round and round, then urging her rapidly forward. Instinctively she stretched out her arms to catch at some support; they embraced a colossal cross of great antiquity, being cut out of red granite, and which rose some short distance from the Provost's stronghold.

Suddenly a strong gust of air, redolent of sweets, bearing on its wings wild and mournful music, rushed with the force of a whirlwind through her frame. Shuddering succeeded, then she was conscious of divine inspiration, which exhilarated and exalted her soul to a transcendent degree. Catching up the solemn chant of harmony, she who had never before sung in a righteous cause, burst forth into loud hallelujahs; the voices of hovering angels intermingled in the holy theme of thanksgiving to the Author of all good. A slight shower, which now fell, refreshed her languid frame, enabling her to rise. Looking upwards, she beheld the sun's broad disk just appearing above the horizon, and by his glorious presence dispersing the dark gloom of night. And now from St. Martin's Church—that holy fane where the light of the Gospel was first revealed to the enraptured Edrid—sounded the first morning bell to rouse the righteous to early prayer. Freida thought of Edrid, and, reclining against the cross, wept aloud.

From that period, though preserving her identity, the Jongleur was conscious of being under divine influence—a blessed, but passive instrument, chosen by an all-directing power to work out for others the great end of salvation. The demons of Pride, of Anger, and Revenge, which heretofore she had so sedulously nurtured within her bosom, were exorcised, and their place filled by the angels of Mercy and Truth.

The other result is a more obvious one. She goes and informs the King. The consequence, of course, is, that Edrid is released; and the Provost, according to his anticipations, is compelled to provide the expected entertainment by taking Edrid's place upon the gallows. Freida and Edrid conclude their career by turning missionaries. We are told that Freida, assisted by her son,

preached the Gospel for seven years with great success in Lithuania, converting tens of thousands. We wonder how many female preachers Miss Hemphill has come across in the course of her mediæval reading.

We reach the climax of the tale in a "situation" which would make Miss Hemphill's fortune at Astley's or the Victoria. Bona and Freida, and Rhodolphe, have escaped to the German castle of his mother, Beatrix. All the explanations have taken place; and nothing remains but to arrange the actors before the curtain falls:—

Trembling from excess of confusion, her face and neck suffused with burning blushes, Bona would have leant on the friar, but Rhodolphe, passionately clasping her to his bosom, fell on his knees [a difficult operation, by the way, looking at it in a purely gymnastic point of view], gently drawing her after him; then, addressing Beatrix, said—

"I supplicate your consent to our union, and if, previous to the discovery of Bona's birth, I did not demand her hand, it was because I dreaded your opposition, and knowing that you had suffered so much from my first and only act of disobedience, I trembled to again awaken your displeasure."

The noble dame cast her arms around them with tenderness, as she replied—"Without the Emperor's approbation, he who has been our protector and friend, I presume not to give my consent. Obtain his, and proudly will I claim this gentle damsel as my daughter."

"It is granted!" exclaimed a loud voice; and the Emperor, accompanied by the Archbishop of Bourges, entered, and with cheerful courtesy greeted the party.

Afterwards, the father, Hubert Clisson, being required to make everything straight, he also miraculously makes his appearance out of a neighbouring room. The parties are duly married, and the Emperor gives the lady away.

In conclusion, we can only assure Miss Hemphill of our sincere conviction that, if she would publish her compositions in *Punch* as a parody on Mr. James, she would achieve a wonderful success.

ALLEN GARDINER.*

THE book before us is, in one respect, a very sad one. It is the history of a man who, gifted with considerable powers of mind, dauntless courage, and strong physical energies, appears to have passed his life in one succession of failures. Of the many schemes for the amelioration of the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and the diffusion of Christianity in the dark places of the earth, in which his days were almost wholly spent, not one was brought to a satisfactory conclusion; and after roaming all over the world, suffering incredible hardships, and sacrificing health, friends, and fortune, he finally, at the age of fifty-seven, was starved to death, together with six companions, in an abortive attempt to preach the Gospel to the natives of Tierra del Fuego. The reason of all this appears to be that Captain Gardiner, among all his great and good qualities, wanted two, without which no man can succeed in this world. He had no power of organization and no common sense. He was a man of the Francis Xavier and Boniface type, who, unlike them, had the disadvantage of being his own master. Such men, like steam, are very good servants, but very bad masters, either of themselves or of other people; and we lay down the stories of their lives with the highest admiration and the deepest regret—admiration, for their failures are far more glorious than most men's successes—regret, to see such powers unavailing to do any real good to the world.

But let us give our readers a slight sketch of the life of the man before us from the pages of his friend and biographer, Mr. Marsh. Allen Gardiner was born at Basildon, in Berkshire, in 1794. His parents were people of strict religious principle, belonging to that section of the Church of England which was then called "Methodist," and is now known by the name "Evangelical." He was brought up after a very pious, but somewhat narrow-minded fashion. In his childhood he appears to have been only remarkable for his intense energy and truth of character, coupled with an early passion for wandering, which made him very desirous of a seafaring life. He was therefore sent to the Naval College at Portsmouth, and entered the navy in 1810 as a volunteer in the *Fortune*, Capt. Vansittart. As might have been expected from his over-strict education, the young sailor soon began to join in the pleasures and dissipations of his companions; and religious doubts, afterwards developing into almost complete scepticism, replaced the narrow Puritan views of his home. He continued thus, with occasional fits of repentance, for some years, during which he visited the Cape, Ceylon, the Eastern Archipelago, the Society Islands, South America, and other parts of the world. In 1822 he was invalided, and he left the navy three years afterwards, having attained the rank of commander. His illness gave him time to think, and resulted in his re-embarking, with all the fire of a convert, the religion of his childhood; and his marriage with a lady whose views were the same with his own, deepened and strengthened them in him. Her death in 1834 he seems to have considered as an intimation that he was to devote himself to the active service of God by becoming a kind of lay missionary. He accordingly sailed for the Cape, having determined to make his first attempt at conversion by preaching to the Zulu Caffres. He succeeded in making friends with their chief, Dingaru, a most bloodthirsty savage, who gave him a grant of land, and a kind of half promise to admit his teachers, if he (Capt. Gardiner) would cause the Port Natal

people not to receive the deserters from his tribe who were always pouring thither. Having succeeded so far, Captain Gardiner returned to the Cape Colony, and informed Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor, of his proceedings. The Governor approved of them, and wrote to Dingaru to that effect; and Captain Gardiner took ship for England to bring over his children and some clergymen to begin his great work.

After passing about a year in England, during which time he married again, he returned to the Cape, accompanied by his family and a clergyman of the name of Owen and his wife, sent by the Church Missionary Society. They arrived in safety in the Zulu country, took possession of their land, and were well received by Dingaru; but after about a year, the war between the Zulus and the Dutch Boers broke out, and the English settlement was hastily abandoned, without, as far as we can see from the pages before us, having made one convert from heathenism among the Zulus, except a servant of Captain Gardiner's, who had previously lived in Port Natal. The expedition had been a hasty and unadvised one, undertaken without a sufficient knowledge of the character and habits of the people who were to be converted, and with no acquaintance with their language. Can we wonder at its failure? Arrived at Cape Town, the gallant Captain, undismayed by recent events, determined to make South America the next scene of his labours, and shipped his household gods in a barque bound for Rio Janeiro. He thence went to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, where he took to land travelling; and having crossed the Cordilleras to Chili, wandered about there for some months, trying to institute amicable relations with the tribes of Indians living on the frontiers of the Spanish dominions. Here he was again unsuccessful. The tribes who were friendly to the whites were nominal Roman Catholics, and the others would not have anything to do with him because he was white. Moreover, here, too, he was ignorant of the language.

After about a year of these wanderings, he found himself at Valdivia, disgusted with his ill success, which he attributed to "Popery," and determined to change his plan and become a distributor of Bibles and tracts in South America among both Spaniards and Indians, and in the mean time to take a look at New Guinea and the Eastern Archipelago. Accordingly, he went down to Valparaiso, and finding a ship sailing for Sydney, put his wife and children on board, and reached that place safely in three months and a half. He had not been there three days before he had engaged their passage to Timor; and after a dangerous passage through Jones's Strait, he landed at Dille, the Portuguese settlement. In the Archipelago the same ill fortune pursued him. The Dutch governors regarded him with suspicion, and refused him assistance; and to live among the Malays independent of them, required a far stronger party and an abler head than his. One would have thought that now Captain Gardiner would have taken his much-enduring wife and children home. Not at all. He instantly re-embarked for South America, *via* the Cape, having read that there were some independent Indians "shut out alike from war, from the influences of Romish missionaries, and from Chilian commissaries." In course of time he arrived again at Valparaiso, and after another unsuccessful attempt on these Indians, determined to try Patagonia. For this purpose he planted his family at the Falklands, and chartered a crazy and unseaworthy schooner for the Straits of Magellan. After some amusing rencontres with the thieving Fuegians, and making friends with a powerful Patagonian chief called Wissule, he returned to the Falklands, and now found it necessary to re-visit England, to prepare for a fresh expedition.

The reader will be glad to learn that after these six years of hardship, poor Mrs. Gardiner and her children were left in peace, and the adventurous captain prosecuted the rest of his adventures alone. His first effort was to carry out his plan for scattering Bibles over South America, and having obtained a large grant of books from the Bible and Religious Tract Societies, he returned to Rio in 1843 with them. He pushed on to Monte Video as fast as possible, where he found Rosas pursuing his aggressive policy, and at war with Uruguay. Undeterred by the unsettled state of the country, he hired a wagon and went off to Cordova, where he got permission to sell Bibles and tracts. Then he proceeded to Tucuman, for the same object. When his stock was exhausted, he returned as fast as he came, and was in England seven months after quitting it. The Spanish priests appear to have been civil enough to him, and the Government was quite willing he should sell his Bibles; but on his next visit to South America, he found that the clergy had collected as many of the books as they could after he was gone, and had burnt them in the public square at Cordova.

He soon collected from pious friends in England money for another mission to Patagonia, and in the course of 1844 embarked with Mr. Hunt, a missionary, for Valparaiso. Thence the two friends proceeded to the Straits of Magellan. Captain Gardiner soon found his old acquaintance Wissule again, but that worthy had lost his power, most of his tribe having elected another chief, and was besides corrupted by the evil example and influence of a Spanish adventurer named Cruz. This Cruz was inimical to the captain and his good intentions, and after vainly endeavouring to overcome his enmity, he and Mr. Hunt were obliged to beat a retreat, and go back to England, which they reached in June, 1845. His next attempt was a third expedition to the South American Indians, accompanied by a young Spaniard. This ended, after

* *A Memoir of Allen Gardiner, Com. R.N.* By John W. Marsh, M.A., Vicar of Bleasby, Notts. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1857.

a two years' residence in Bolivia, in his usual utter want of success—owing, as before, to the unsettled state of the country, the Roman priests, the distrust of white men, so deeply and justly rooted in the minds of the Indian tribes, and most of all, to his own utter unfitness for the work he had undertaken.

Our indefatigable captain now determined to raise funds for a mission to Tierra del Fuego, and after some time thus spent, he started on a reconnoitring voyage thither, the result of which was that he perceived the only mission possible there to be a floating mission—that is, a ship in which the missionaries could go from point to point, preaching and teaching, without being robbed of everything by the Fuegians. Finding his funds insufficient for the purchase of a vessel of one hundred tons, according to his wish, he determined to make the attempt in two decked boats of moderate size; and having persuaded Mr. Williams, a surgeon, Mr. Maidment, a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, Erwin, a carpenter, and three Cornish fishermen to join him, the devoted band embarked in a ship from Liverpool in September, 1850, carrying their boats with them. They were left at Bowner Cove, in the Straits of Magellan, and were never seen alive again by any of their countrymen. A year afterwards, their bodies, and the wrecks of their boats, were found on the shores of Patagonia by a ship sent to look for them by Mr. Lafone, one of Captain Gardiner's South American friends; and further relics of their enterprise were discovered a few days subsequently by Captain Morshead, of H.M.S. *Dido*, then cruising in those seas. Of their sufferings, their failure to convert one native, and their terrible death by starvation, a touching and graphic picture was left in the papers of Captain Gardiner, who was the last survivor. Greater patience, nobleness, and courage have perhaps never been exhibited than in the mournful story before us. Words of trust, joy, and thankfulness were all they spoke. No regret or murmur appears to have passed their lips, or even to have existed in their hearts. They died singing hymns of triumph; and the last words traced by the pen of Gardiner were these:—"Yet a little while, and through grace we may join that blessed throng, to sing the praises of Christ throughout eternity. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food! Marvellous lovingkindness to me a sinner!" We can add nothing to this. Such deaths, so borne, rank among the highest deeds of Christian heroism. It may be interesting to know that the mission for which these brave men gave their lives has since been carried out more effectively, and that Captain Gardiner's son is among the labourers.

In conclusion, we may add a word of regret that Mr. Marsh has indulged himself in so many trite remarks and so much fine writing. When we read that "if slavery were confined to pictures, it would be all very well"—or that, on South American Missions being hinted at in England, "eyes filled with dreamy somnolency at the prospect, and collective voices seemed to say, with a soft murmur, 'It is the natural inheritance of Pope and Pagan; let it alone!'"—we feel considerable sympathy with the visual organs alluded to. We are also rather at a loss to know what a landscape looks like when it is "blotted with the indelible stain of superstition," which Mr. Marsh tells us is the case with the scenery of Ceylon. But possibly this peculiar effect may be one of the "grand vagaries" which, as we read soon afterwards, "Nature will play in a wild spot." But the faults of style and taste—and they are many—which deform these pages, cannot destroy the deep interest of the narrative; and we recommend all who care for tales of Christian heroism to read the life of Allen Gardiner, and, in Mr. Marsh's concluding words, "Let those who see anything to disapprove in what was done, or omitted to be done, instead of casting censure, arise and do better."

PEN AND PENCIL PICTURES.*

IT is curious to note the influence which names have upon us, and the associations which, almost unconsciously to ourselves, are apt to gather round them. Thus, we involuntarily expect from one who bears the same name with some great man whom we have delighted to honour, the talent and genius which distinguished his venerated ancestor. And so it often becomes a positive misfortune, instead of an advantage, to a son, to succeed an illustrious father. We immediately judge of him by a wrong standard, and when he falls short of it, we are half inclined to deny him credit for the abilities he really possesses, or, at any rate, to look upon them with a sort of pitying contempt. Yet, if we would but bear in mind that genius is not like a family likeness, hereditary, we should often see much to praise and admire where, by our usual mode of judging, we only find matter for blame or disparagement. If, for instance, we expect from the son of Thomas Hood all that the father gave us, his little book will create in us nothing but disappointment; but if we judge him by the same standard which we apply to other writers of his age and class, his work will find more favour in our eyes. We own it is not easy to do this. In spite of all our efforts, we cannot quite avoid indulging in comparisons, and feeling how strong is the contrast between father and son. In every page we involuntarily seek for some traces of the spirit which once moved us to inextinguishable laughter, or which

filled our hearts with thoughts too deep for tears. All we can find is a faint reflection of the parent's shadow—a weak and pale translation of an inimitable original. The only point of decided family resemblance between the two is in the sunny temper and kindly spirit which is ready to see some good in everything, and in the playful fancy which, out of the veriest nothings, can frame a little world of pretty images and delicate conceits.

The book, as its title imports, consists of a selection of pieces in poetry and prose, illustrated by pencil sketches, which, in our opinion, might have been omitted with advantage. In the prose pictures we have two or three tales remarkable for little else than a facility which is daily becoming more common amongst young writers, and against which it behoves them to be more and more on their guard, remembering that facility of expression is not often or generally a proof of wealth of thought. Some of the pieces are intended to be humorous—others are in the sentimental vein. These we like the least, while those which give us the sparkling effervescence, as it were, of some passing thought or fancy, are amongst the writer's most successful efforts. In poetry he has been more happy than in prose. One piece, which he calls "The House of Romance," though it contains nothing very original, or that shows any trace of power hereafter to be put forth, is delicate in its fancy, and flowing in its verse. As a good specimen of the author's manner we quote a few of the stanzas:—

Romance, a queen enthroned, sits
Within her ancient halls;
The ivy slowly creeps and climbs
Above the crumbling walls;
Her fading splendour all around,
Like dying sunbeams, falls.

A dreary solitude, and still,
Fills those deserted rooms
Whose mouldering tapestry is mocked
By dusty cobweb-looks;
While rotting fungus blue lights
Their sad and solemn glooms.

In the once merry banquet-hall
The grey owl nightly chaunts;
Within the turrets, dark and drear,
The bats have made their haunts;
And where the banner spread its fold,
The blood-red wall-flower flaunts.

Where lances topped the battlements,
The slender spear-grass blooms;
And feather-grasses lightly wave
Where once have nodded plumes;
And where the sentry hummed a tune
The drowsy beetle booms.

Beneath the mossy time-worn walls,
Within the mantled moat,
There lies no tiny shallow moored,
There swims no little boat,
Save where the gnat contrives her raft,
And sets her eggs afloat.

Yet, spite of insect, bird, and flower,
And spite of cheery day—
O'er turret tall—o'er bower and hall
A shadow lies for aye—
The misty presence of a queen
Whose crown has passed away.

But while she sits forlorn as one
Who never may rejoice,
Throughout the castle old and dark,
The dwelling of her choice—
Through those still chambers, dim and drear,
There sounds a solemn voice.

The New becometh Old—the Night
Retreats before the Day—
In turns new Cycles must arrive,
In turn must pass away;
The Past had beauties—Present Time
Has charms as fair as they.

It is Mr. Hood's fault, not ours, if, in his choice of a subject, he exposes himself to the chance of a comparison between his poem and the *Haunted House*, in which every line is a picture, each containing something which adds a feature to the general effect intended to be produced by the whole.

Before we conclude our notice of Mr. Hood's little volume, we must allude to one of the sketches it contains, from the tone of which we entirely dissent. The paper in question is a burlesque upon the proceedings of the Schools of Design, and an attempt to cast ridicule upon the rules they have laid down, and the principles they have made it their endeavour to advocate. Although they may have ridden their hobby a little too hard, there can be no doubt that, in the main, they are in the right, and Mr. Hood is sinning against the laws of good taste when he sets himself up in opposition to their opinions. Moreover, he is guilty in this paper of perpetrating several very sad puns, such as where he advises us to "let a sofa be a sofa in so far as may be." But the whole of his criticism is in such an exaggerated style, and every now and then he shows such an evident consciousness that the cause he has taken upon himself to defend in a jesting way is a bad one, that there is not much danger that he will do much harm by his remarks. But we would caution him

* *Pen and Pencil Pictures*. By Thomas Hood. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

to abstain in future from all such attempts. They will do him no credit, and his readers no benefit; and were it not that we fear, when a man has once been seized with the *cacoëthes scribendi*, nothing that either his friends or foes can say will avail to stay his pen, we would advise him to rest from his labours in that direction for a few years, during which period he would find ample employment in preparing himself to enter upon the career of literature, if that profession be his choice.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

WANTED, A FEW COPIES OF No. 1. OF THE "SATURDAY REVIEW," FOR WHICH ONE SHILLING EACH WILL BE GIVEN, by HENRY APPLEBY, News-Agent, &c., 1, Duke-street, Adelphi.

Established 1803.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION STERLING—ALL PAID UP AND INVESTED IN 1806. Empowered by Special Acts of Parliament.

GLOBE INSURANCE—FIRE: LIFE: ANNUITIES: REVERSIONS—CORNHILL AND CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

J. W. FRESHFIELD, Esq., M.P., F.R.S.—Chairman.

FOWLER NEWSAM, Esq.—Deputy-Chairman.

GEORGE CARR GLYN, Esq., M.P.—Treasurer.

Life Insurances granted from Fifty to Ten Thousand Pounds, at Rates particularly favourable to the Younger and Middle periods of Life.

No charge for Stamp Duties on Life Policies. Every class of Fire and Life Insurance transacted. Medical Fees generally paid. Prospectuses, with Life Tables on various plans, may be had at the Offices, and of any of the Agents.

WILLIAM NEWMARCH, Secretary.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—Notice is hereby given, that this Company has returned to its Offices, which have been rebuilt, No. 29, LOMBARD-STREET, at the Corner of Clement's-lane. Offices in Liverpool—ROYAL INSURANCE-BUILDINGS, North John-street, and Dale-street.

FIRE BRANCH.—The Fire premium in 1856 amounted to about £150,000, placing the Company among the very largest offices in the kingdom; indeed, it is believed that there are only three or four offices which equal it in Fire revenue. Insurances are received upon nearly all descriptions of property in the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and most Foreign Countries; the rates of premium are exceedingly moderate, and governed in each case by a careful consideration of the risk proposed.

LIFE BRANCH.—The Life revenue during the past year amounted to about £40,000, the new premiums alone exceeding £10,000. A bonus was declared in 1854 of £2 per cent. per annum on the sum assured, averaging about 80 per cent. of the premiums paid, being one of the largest ever declared. All the insurances effected during the present year will participate in the next bonus in 1859.

The paid-up and invested capital, including life funds, amounts to nearly half a million sterling.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager.

JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary to the London Board.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, 2nd MARCH, 1857.

Notice is hereby given, that the Books for the Transfer of Shares in this Society will be closed on THURSDAY, the 19th instant, and will be reopened on WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of APRIL next. The Dividends for the year 1856 will be payable on and after MONDAY, the 6th day of APRIL next.

By order of the Directors, WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNES, Actuary.

THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT of the Directors of the MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, together with the Cash Account and Balance Sheet for the year 1856, showing the State of the Society's affairs on the 31st of December last, as presented to the General Meeting on the 15th of February, 1857, will be delivered on a written or personal application to the Actuary or to any of the Society's Agents in Great Britain.—CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES, 30, King-street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

ORNAMENTS FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM, LIBRARY, and DINING-ROOM, consisting of a great variety of Vases, Figures, Groups, Inkstands, Candlesticks, Inlaid Tables, &c., in Derbyshire Spar, Marble, Italian Alabaster, Bronze, &c., manufactured and imported by J. TESSANT, 140, Strand, London.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE for Opening Public Museums, Galleries, Libraries, and Gardens, on Sunday afternoon. Subscriptions received at the Bank of London, 450, West Strand, and at the Office, 4, Beaufort-buildings, Strand, London, W. C.

JOHN HEAF, Secretary.

CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING.

MR. WARREN, of 9, GREAT COLLEGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, MINSTER, with great success, to delineate the Character of Individuals from their Handwriting. All persons desirous of testing his art are invited to forward a specimen of their ordinary writing, together with thirteen postage-stamps, and a mention of their sex and age, to the above address.

AN OXFORD FIRST-CLASSMAN wishes to travel abroad with an eligible Pupil. References to the Head of his College. Address, A. C., care of Rev. C. J. HEATHCOTE, Upper Clapton, London, N.E.

THE GREAT TOBACCO CONTROVERSY.—Dr. SEXTON will LECTURE on this important topic daily at Three and half-past Seven p.m., at DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, 4, COVENTRY-STREET, LEICESTER-SQUARE. The Museum, which now stands wholly unrivalled in the world, and the rarity and completeness of whose contents have already acquired for it an European reputation, and obtained the warm commendation of the press in this and other countries, is open daily (for Gentlemen only) from Ten to Ten. A new Lecture is delivered by Dr. KAHN at half-past Eight p.m. precisely. Admission, One Shilling. Descriptive Catalogues of the Museum, containing Lectures as delivered by Dr. KAHN, gratis to the visitors.

LONDON UNADULTERATED FOOD COMPANY, (Limited.)

For the Importation, Manufacture, and Supply of Food, Drinks, and Drugs, in a Pure State.

Capital, £100,000, in 5000 Shares of £20 each, with Power to increase. Deposit, £5 per Share.

The Liability Limited to the amount of each Share.

Incorporated under the Joint-Stock Companies' Act of 1856, with Limited Liability.

TRUSTEES.

General Sir JOHN FORSTER FITZGERALD, K.C.B., M.P.

HENRY MORRIS, Esq., late Madras Civil Service.

DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. Lord THOMAS PELHAM CLINTON, 10, Cleveland-square, Chairman.

The Hon. F. H. F. BERKELEY, M.P. for Bristol, Victoria-square, Pimlico, Deputy-Chairman.

Col. E. G. AUSTIN, H.E.I.C.S., The Grange, Dülham, Norfolk.

JOHN CROFT, Esq., Oaklands, Clapham.

CHARLES HENAGE, Esq., 4, Cadogan-place, Belgrave-square.

SAMUEL J. NOBLE, Esq., Soho, and 8, Moreton-street, Pimlico.

Chief Analyst.—Dr. Letheby, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, London Hospital, and Officer of Health for the City of London.

Solicitors.—Messrs. Harbin and Smith, 12, Clement's-inn.

Bankers.—The Bank of London, Threadneedle-street.

General Manager.—William Cribb, Esq.

Offices,—25, BUCKLESBURY, LONDON.

The Adulteration of our Food has become so dangerous and universal a practice, that the Legislature have deemed it necessary to inquire searchingly into the social evil, by means of a Committee of the House of Commons, which has found it to be no fanciful chimera, but a dangerous fact, that nearly all the necessities of life are fearfully adulterated.

The *Times* newspaper has made the most strenuous efforts to arouse the attention of the public to a sense of the dangers they incur from the present system, and the importance of an effectual remedy being found. In one of its leading articles the evil is thus graphically depicted:—

"We pay not only with our money, but our lives. For the worst of it is, that the articles we purchase are not merely diluted—they are adulterated—positively—abominably—poisonously. There is scarcely a single article of daily use which it is possible to procure genuine from ordinary shops."

"We ask for Bread, and we receive a Stone—

"For Coffee, and we receive Chicory—

"For Chicory, and we receive Burnt Carrots, and Powder of Dried Horses' Liver—

"For Oil of Almonds, and we receive Prussic Acid.

"What are we to do when our meat and drink are poisoned?"

And again—

"Surely any one of respectability sufficient to gain credence for his assertion would make a fortune were he to set his face strenuously against all imposture, and determine to sell only genuine articles, even at a slightly enhanced price."

There is no exaggeration in saying that numbers of invalids, delicate women, and tender children, have fallen victims to adulterations of food, drink, and drugs. Paralysis has also been clearly traced to this cause, and the universal diffusion of indigestion owes its origin very largely to the effect of the dangerous adulterations of our food.

To remedy this great social evil, the London Unadulterated Food Company is established.

Each article vended will be manufactured or prepared entirely by the Company, and foreign productions will be imported direct; it will therefore derive the profits of both manufacturer and dealer, at the same time that it ensures perfect freedom from adulteration.

A wholesale and export trade of unequalled magnitude may already be considered as guaranteed.

Shareholders will have the privilege of purchasing their goods of the Company at wholesale price. The great additional value that will attach to the Shares from this regulation is obvious.

Amongst the questions put to one of the witnesses by the Committee of the House of Commons were the following:—

Q. Is it your opinion that adulteration is very prevalent?

A. I find adulteration to be exceedingly prevalent: it may be stated, generally, that it prevails in nearly all articles which it will pay to adulterate.

Q. Is it your opinion that the adulterations of the various articles to which you have referred have a very important influence on the public health?

A. No doubt, I think, can possibly be entertained on the subject—in the list are some of the most virulent poisons.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CITY ARTICLES OF THE DAILY PRESS.

(The Times, February 27, 1857.)

"The prospectus has been issued of the 'London Unadulterated Food Company,' with a capital of £100,000, in £20 shares. It is respectably constituted, and the object is to manufacture and sell some of the articles of food which are most exposed to deleterious admixture, in a form that will guarantee their genuineness. Dr. Letheby is to be the chief analyst, and the names of the various dealers authorized to sell the Company's goods will be advertised in the local papers throughout the country."

(Morning Post, February 28, 1857.)

"The establishment of such a company is a natural necessity, as well as a moral boon, and it is consequently one that should be encouraged in every possible manner by the public, or by that portion at least which values its health and existence. It is by no means surprising, therefore, to find that gentlemen of high station have consented to ally their names and influence to the promotion of the 'Unadulterated Food Company'; and there can be scarcely a doubt that, if the objects laid down in the prospectus are energetically pursued, and the reputation of the Company established for the supply of aliment in the highest state of purity, that it will answer well as a commercial enterprise, and fully justify the expectations of the promoters."

(Morning Herald, February 28, 1857.)

"The Company have secured the services of that eminent man, Dr. Letheby, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at the London Hospital, and Officer of Health for the City of London, as chief analyst. This fact is a proof that if science can be beneficially directed towards the detection of deleterious compounds in the substances on which we exist, it will be called into request."

(Morning Chronicle, February 28, 1857.)

"It has a respectable direction, and Dr. Letheby is the chief analyst. The Company will hold themselves pledged to the purity of every article sold by them, and are determined that not merely the purity but the general condition of the goods shall be all that the most efficient supervision and improved machinery can make them. After careful calculation, and allowing for every contingency, it is anticipated that the net profits will realize at least 15 per cent. per annum."

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE "LONDON UNADULTERATED FOOD COMPANY" (LIMITED), 25, Bucklebury, London.

Gentlemen,—I request that you will allot me Shares, of £20 each, in the above-named Company, and I undertake to accept the same, or such less number as you may allot me; to pay for the same, and to sign the articles of association of the Company, when required, and I enclose [have paid into the Bankers of the Company] (alter as the case may be) a deposit of £

Dated this day of 1857.

Name in full

Profession or business

Residence

Each application must be accompanied by a remittance of, or a Banker's receipt for, £1 per Share. Should the full number of Shares applied for not be allotted, a proportionate part of the amount will be immediately returned, or applied to the payment of the remaining £4 per Share upon the number allotted.

MESSRS. DICKINSON beg to announce their intention, on the 17th March, to throw open for PUBLIC EXHIBITION their large Galleries, containing the important PORTRAITS and other WORKS OF ART that have been executed by them, and now for the first time collected, Messrs. DICKINSON having been favoured by the owners with the loan of these works for that purpose. 114, New Bond-street.

MEMORIAL CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SEVERAL DESIGNS will be OPENED to the Public, FREE OF CHARGE, at KING'S COLLEGE, SOMERSET HOUSE, STRAND, on and after MONDAY, MARCH 16th, from 9 A.M. till dusk.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS.

THE EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION will give a GRAND CLASSICAL CONCERT, in aid of its Funds, at the Music Hall, ROYAL SURREY GARDENS, Thursday Evening, the 19th inst., at 8 o'clock. (Doors open at 6.30.) M. JULLIEN'S ENTIRE SPLENDID ORCHESTRA, with the following distinguished artists—Miss DOLBY, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, and Miss LOUISA VINNING. Tickets, 1s., 2s., and 3s. each, to be had at M. JULLIEN'S, 214, Regent-street; the Offices of the Association, 35, Ludgate-hill, &c., &c. Number limited.

JOHN LILWALL, Hon. Sec.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PICCO, the SARDINIAN MINSTREL, will perform in the Concert this day (Saturday), and on each day next week till Friday, inclusive. Admission on Saturday, 2s. 6d.; on other days, 1s.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.—PROGRAMME FOR THIS DAY.—1. Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Beethoven.—(1) Allegro con brio; (2) Andante con moto; (3) Scherzo; and (4) Finale.—2. Cavatina, "Di piacer" (La Gazza Ladra), Rossini, Miss Susan Cole.—3. Grand Aria, "All is Lost" (La Sonnambula), Bellini, Mr. George Perren.—4. Solo, "Casta Diva" (Norma), Bellini, Picco.—5. Overture Dramatique "Chant des Belges," Litolf (first time of performance).—6. Song, "The Maid of Llangollen," Miss Cole.—7. Fantasia for Violoncello on Airs from "Niobe," Kummer, Mr. Daubert.—8. Old English Song, "The Thorn," Shield, Mr. George Perren.—9. Solo, "Carnival de Venise," Picco.—10. March from "Athalia," Mendelssohn. Concert at Half-past Two. Admission, Half-a-Crown.

NEW WORK ON PERSIA.

Now Ready, in 2 Vols. 8vo, price 2s.

A JOURNAL OF TWO YEARS' TRAVEL IN PERSIA, CEYLON, &c. By R. B. BIRNING, Esq., Madras Civil Service. London: W. H. ALLEN and Co., 7, Leadenhall-street.

PROFESSOR W. ARCHER BUTLER'S SERMONS.

This day is published, a Second Edition, 8vo, cloth, price 10s. 6d.

SERMONS DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Second Series. Edited from the Author's MSS. By JAMES AMIRAEUX JEREMIE, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. Second Edition.

Lately published, by the same Author,

SERMONS. First Series. Third Edition. 12s.

LECTURES ON ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY. 2 vols. 25s.

LETTERS ON ROMANISM. 10s. 6d.

"A man of glowing genius and diversified accomplishments . . . whose remains fill these five brilliant volumes."—*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1856.

Cambridge: MACMILLAN and Co.

HUNT ON STAMMERING.

Just published, Second Edition, price 3s. 6d.; by post, 3s. 10d.

A TREATISE ON THE CURE OF STAMMERING, &c. By JAMES HUNT, Ph.D., M.R.S.L., &c.

"Unquestionably the most popular treatise ever given to the world. It explains a beautiful and humane system, and in doing so indicates rapidly and succinctly the character, and, be it said, also the cruelty and inadequacy of the various systems hitherto in vogue for the cure of impediments of speech. This volume is a really admirable treatise, and no less admirable biography."—*Sun*, Dec. 8, 1856.

London: LONGMAN and Co.; by Post from the Author's residence, 8, New Burlington-street, W.

In the press, by the same Author,

A MANUAL OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF VOICE AND SPEECH. Price 7s. 6d.

Now ready,

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW AND CHOICE BOOKS in Circulation at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

Also,

A LIST OF SURPLUS COPIES OF RECENT WORKS withdrawn from Circulation, and offered at greatly Reduced Prices for Cash.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, New Oxford-street, London; and Cross-street, Manchester.

NEW WORK BY SIR GARDNER WILKINSON AND MR. BIRCH.

This day is published, crown 8vo, handsome cloth, price 7s. 6d.

THE EGYPTIANS IN THE TIME OF THE PHAROHS. Being a Companion to the Crystal Palace Egyptian Collections. By Sir J. GARDNER WILKINSON. To which is added, AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHS, By SAMUEL BIRCH. With numerous Illustrations.

Published for the Crystal Palace Company by BRAIDBURY AND EVANS, 11, Boulevard-street.

NEW ILLUSTRATED WORK BY JOHN LEECH.

Preparing for Publication,

MASTER JACKY IN LOVE: being a sequel to "Young Troublesome; or, Master Jacky's Holidays." In a series of Plain and Coloured Etchings. By JOHN LEECH.

London: BRAIDBURY AND EVANS, 11, Boulevard-street.

MR. HARVEY ON DEAFNESS.

Second Edition, just published, price 2s. 6d.; by post, 2s. 8d.

THE EAR IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. With remarks on the Prevention of Deafness. By WILLIAM HARVEY, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.

Also just published, Second Edition, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 2d.

ON RHEUMATISM, GOUT, and NEURALGIC HEADACHE, in connexion with DEAFNESS and NOISES in the EAR.

London: HENRY RENSCHAW, 356, Strand.

NEW BURLINGTON-STREET,
March 14

MR. BENTLEY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NARRATIVE OF THE DEFENCE OF KARS, HISTORICAL AND MILITARY. By Colonel ATWELL LAKE, C.B. Unattached, one of her Majesty's Aides-de-Camp, and late of the Madras Engineers. From authentic documents and from Notes taken by the General Officers serving on the Staff of her Majesty's Commissioner with the Ottoman Army in Asia Minor. 8vo. With Maps and Illustrations. [Just ready.]

EGYPT AND THE GREAT SUEZ CANAL. By M. BARTHELEMY ST. HILAIRE. 8vo. [Just ready.]

SERMONS IN STONES, OR SCRIPTURE CONFIRMED BY GEOLOGY. By D. M'AUSSAND. New Edition, Fcap. 8vo, 4s. "One of the most useful books published within our recollection. It is very learned, clear, concise, and logical. We earnestly recommend it to our readers."—*Southern News Letter*.

THE ENTIRE CORRESPONDENCE OF HORACE WALPOLE. Edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM. Vol. II., 8vo, with Portraits, 10s. 6d. [Just ready.] "This complete edition will be a boon to the whole of the reading world."—*Quarterly Review*.

FROM BOMBAY TO BUSHIRE AND BUSSORA, with a Sketch of the Present State of Persia and Notes on the Persian War. By WILLIAM ASHTON SHEPHERD. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. [Now ready.]

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN. Written from the unpublished Letters and Journals of the most distinguished Military and Political Officers employed in Afghanistan throughout the momentous years of British connexion with that country. Containing a History of our Relations with the Persian Court—of the Progress of Russia in the East—the first Siege of Herat—the Origin of the Afghan War, and the March of the British Army to Cabul. With an Appendix, containing several Treaties between Persia and Great Britain. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. Vol. II. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Just ready.]

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND; a Matter-of-Fact Romance. By CHARLES READE. Fifth Edition, Crown 8vo, 6s. "In every way an uncommon book. A book to read as soon as you can get it, and to recommend to your friends directly you have done with it."—*Saturday Review*.

By the same Author, **PEG WOFFINGTON.** Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"A brilliant and clever novel."—*Daily News*.
"A very clever epigrammatic book."—*Athenaeum*.

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"One of the best novels of our time."—*Examiner*.
"The scenes of Newhaven life have a vividness and reality hardly inferior to the 'Antiquary'."—*Spectator*.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON-STREET.

THE NEW NOVEL.

Just published, in Two Volumes,

FRIENDS OF BOHEMIA: OR, PHASES OF LONDON LIFE. By E. M. WHITTY, Esq. Author of "The Governing Classes."

"Mr. Whitty is a genuine satirist, employing satire for a genuine purpose. To laugh with him very much, but the laughter is fruity and ripe in thought. 'Friends of Bohemia' is no book of broad grins; the humours lean on life, the whimsicalities lead to philosophy. The Author has a merriment akin to that of Jacques and that of Simon."—*Athenaeum*.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

In course of publication, price 5s. each, a Series of

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF LIVING CELEBRITIES. By MAULL and POLYBLANK. With appropriate Biographical Notices.

The MARCH Number contains:—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, Esq.

Already published:—

- No. 1, containing PROFESSOR OWEN, F.R.S., &c.
- No. 2, " The Right Hon. T. B. MACAULAY.
- No. 3, " ROBERT STEPHENSON, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., &c.
- No. 4, " J. A. ROEBUCK, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., &c.
- No. 5, " Sir B. C. BRODIE, Bart., D.C.L., V.P.R.S., &c.
- No. 6, " E. H. BAILY, Esq., R.A.
- No. 7, " SAMUEL WARREN, Esq., Q.C., M.P.
- No. 8, " PROFESSOR GRAHAM, M.A., F.R.S.
- No. 9, " E. M. WARD, Esq., R.A.
- No. 10, " The Right Hon. LORD CAMPBELL.

MAULL and POLYBLANK, 55, Gracechurch-street; DAVID BOGUE, 86, Fleet-street; and all Book and Print-sellers.

LORD BROUGHAM'S WORKS.

THE CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S. Now first collected under the direct care and superintendence of his Lordship. In Ten Post 8vo vols., 5s. each, cloth.

- Vol. I. Lives of Philosophers of the Time of George III.
- 2. Lives of Men of Letters of the Time of George III.
- 3. 4. Historical Sketches of British Statesmen of the Time of George III. 2 vols.
- 5. Historical Sketches of Foreign Statesmen of the Time of George III.
- 6. Natural Theology; comprising an Introductory Dissertation of Natural Theology—Dialogues on Instinct—Researches on Fossil Osteology.
- 7. Rhetorical and Literary Dissertations and Addresses.
- 8. Historical and Political Dissertations.
- 9, 10. Speeches on Social and Political Subjects, with Historical Introductions.

London and Glasgow: RICHARD GRIFFIN and Co.

WORKS BY THE LATE LORD ELLESMERE.

THE PILGRIMAGE, DONNA CHARITEA, BLUEBEARD, and other Poems. With Illustrations. Crown 4to, 24s.
"A pleasant task is before any future Walpole who may be disposed to bring down his predecessor's Catalogue of 'Royal and Noble Authors' to the time present. Few names in the modern list would figure more agreeably than that of the Earl of Ellesmere."—*Athenæum*.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1812, IN RUSSIA. By General CARL VON CLAUSEWITZ. Translated from the German. Map, 8vo, 10s. 6d.

THE SIEGES OF VIENNA BY THE TURKS. From the German. Post 8vo, 2s. 6d.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER IN ACTIVE SERVICE. The Campaign of Radetzky, in Piedmont—The Defence of Temeswar—The Camp of the Ban. Translated from the German. Post 8vo, 6s. 6d.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Fcap. 8vo, 6d.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

WELLINGTON; His Character—his Actions, and his Writings. By JULES MAUREL. With a Preface, by Lord ELLESMERE. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

MEMOIRS BY SIR ROBERT PEEL.
This day, Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MEMOIRS. By the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT PEEL, Bart. The Second and Concluding Volume.
CONTENTS:—I. Formation of the New Government, 1834-5; II. Repeal of the Corn Laws, 1845-6. Published by his Literary Trustees, Lord MAHON (now Earl Stanhope) and the Right Hon. EDWARD CARDWELL, M.P.
. Vol. I., The Roman Catholic Relief Bill, 1829-9.
JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE CHANCELLORS.

Now ready, Vols. 1 to 3 (to be completed with an Index, in 10 Monthly Volumes), Crown 8vo, 6s. each.

LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS AND KEEPERS OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of George the Fourth. By the Right Hon. JOHN, LORD CAMPBELL, LL.D., Lord Chief-Justice of England. Fourth and Revised Edition.

"A book that has reached the fourth edition, and the praise of which is in everybody's mouth, requires no commendation at our hands. But we gladly welcome the work in this new and popular form, and think the noble and learned lord could hardly have bestowed a greater boon upon the profession of which he is so distinguished a member, than by placing so useful a book within the reach of all."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

NICHOLLS' HISTORY OF THE POOR LAWS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Now ready, Four Vols. 8vo, 54s.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH POOR LAW, in connection with the Condition of the People. By Sir GEORGE NICHOLLS, K.C.B., late Poor-Law Commissioner, and Secretary to the Poor-Law Board.

. The Work may also be had in separate portions.

THE ENGLISH POOR. 2 Vols.

THE SCOTCH POOR. 1 Vol. THE IRISH POOR. 1 Vol.

"To his History of the English Poor Law, Sir George Nicholls now adds companion volumes on the story of Poor Laws in Ireland and in Scotland.

"The conclusion of this work is, in fact, the conclusion of a History of the Poor Laws of Great Britain, which will be of essential service, and will assist greatly, no doubt, in prompting and directing future efforts for the perfecting of that 'charity in its largest application' which its author as an active public servant has himself done so much to promote."—*Examiner*.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

KEITH JOHNSTON'S AMERICAN ATLAS.

This day, 29 Plates, engraved in the finest style of the art, and carefully coloured, half-bound morocco, small folio, price 63s.

AN ATLAS OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVA SCOTIA, NEWFOUNDLAND, MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA, CUBA, and JAMAICA. From the most recent State Documents, Marine Surveys, and unpublished materials, with Plans of the principal Cities and Seaports, and an Introductory Essay (16 pp.) on the Physical Geography, Products, and Resources of North America. By Professor ROGERS, of Boston, U.S., and A. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., Geographer to the Queen.

. This is the only Collection of Maps of these Countries from Documents not yet published in Europe or America.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street, London;

W. and A. K. JOHNSTON, Engravers to the Queen, Edinburgh.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE CATHCART, K.C.B.

Now ready, with Maps, 8vo, 12s.

THE MILITARY OPERATIONS IN KAFFRARIA, which led to the Termination of the Kaffir War; and on the Measures for the Protection and Welfare of the People of South Africa. By the late Sir GEORGE CATHCART, K.C.B., Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

Also, by the same,

COMMENTARIES ON THE WAR IN RUSSIA AND GERMANY, 1812-13. With 23 Diagrams and Plans. 8vo, 14s.

"Colonel Cathcart's solid and unpretending volume. Lucid, concise, and pregnant, it seems to us to be equally valuable for its facts and its commentaries."—*Quarterly Review*.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD'S ESSAYS.

Now ready, 2 vols., Post 8vo, 18s.

DESCRIPTIVE ESSAYS: Contributed to the "Quarterly Review." By Sir FRANCIS B. HEAD, Bart.

CONTENTS:—

Cornish Miners in America.
English Charity.
Locomotion by Steam.
British Policy.
The Printer's Devil.
The Red Man.

The Air we Live in.
Memorandum on Battle of Waterloo.
London and North-Western Railway.
The Electric Telegraph.
Britannia Bridge.
The London Post Office.

"The volumes contain some of the most interesting essays that have appeared in the 'Quarterly.' Those who, like ourselves, read them as they appeared, will read them again with pleasure, and such as have not before seen them, will be surprised to find how much pleasant reading they have missed."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

THE SECOND EDITION of the "QUARTERLY REVIEW,"

No. CCL, is now ready.

CONTENTS:

Our Political Prospect.	Lord Raglan.
The Salmon.	Homer.
Northamptonshire.	Rats.
Ferns.	General Sir Charles Napier.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

RECENT WORKS ON THE FINE ARTS.

Now ready, Second Thousand, 3 vols. 8vo, 36s.

THE TREASURES OF ART IN ENGLAND: being an Account of the Chief Collections of Paintings, Sculptures, Drawings, &c., in Great Britain. By Dr. WAAGEN, Director of the Royal Gallery at Berlin.

"The work before us we unhesitatingly pronounce to contain more of the essence of true connoisseurship than any other of the same class that has yet come before the public. Dr. Waagen's name is too familiar to the art-world to require any introduction."—*Quarterly Review*.

"The knowledge of the materials contained in Dr. Waagen's 'Treasures of Art in Great Britain' must have exercised no small influence in promoting the intended Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester."—*Notes and Queries*.

Also, now ready, with 200 Woodcuts, 8vo, 18s.

AN ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF THE ARTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND RENAISSANCE. By M. LABARTE.

"Illustrated with upwards of 200 Wood Engravings, representing some of the most remarkable examples in every style of art. As a broad view of the domestic art of the middle ages, and an introduction to their particular study, this 'Handbook' will be found extremely useful and satisfactory."—*Press*.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

THE LATE LORD RAGLAN.

Second Edition, with a New Preface, Portrait, and Plans, 2 vols., Post 8vo, 24s.

LETTERS FROM HEAD-QUARTERS; OF THE REALITIES OF THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA. By A STAFF OFFICER.

"This is the most interesting account which has yet appeared of the war in the Crimea. The simplicity with which the writer has told the result of his observations renders his 'Letters' no less agreeable than instructive; and however much the public may have been satiated with the oft-repeated tale, we can promise them that they will here find fresh materials to reward curiosity."—*Quarterly Review*.

"It would be impossible to conceive two narratives more violently opposed to each other than Mr. Russell's and that of the Staff Officer."—*Literary Gazette*.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

POPULAR WORK, BY DR. PARIS.

Now ready, Eighth Edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged, Woodcuts, Post 8vo, 9s.

PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT, MADE SCIENCE IN EARNEST; being an Attempt to Implant in the Young Mind the First Principles of Natural Philosophy by the Aid of the Popular Toys and Sports of Youth. By the late JOHN PARIS, M.D.

"We know of no other book which so charmingly blends amusement with instruction. No juvenile book has been published in our time more entitled to praise."—*Examiner*.

"This little work, which has run through many editions, and is read wherever the English language is known, is indicative of the extent of the author's knowledge and of his power of explaining the principles of science in the most intelligible language."—*Athenæum*.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

Now ready, Eighteenth Edition, with 20 additional Woodcuts, Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Lady CALCOTT.

"A charming little production, and just such as ought to be given to or read by a child. Few persons can write down to the infantile capacity without silliness on the one hand, or mistaken inculcations on the other. The happy medium is here hit; and we most cordially recommend 'Little Arthur's History' to every little person in the British Empire."—*Literary Gazette*.

"I acknowledge myself to be some judge of what suits children, and I never met with a history so well adapted either to their capacities or their entertainment, so philosophical, and at the same time written with such infantine simplicity."—*Mrs. Marcet to Lady Calcott*.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

In the Press, to be ready shortly,

MR. MORIER'S NOVEL OF EASTERN LIFE.

PHOTO, THE SULTANE. Three Vols. £1 11s. 6d.

L. BOOTH, 307, Regent-street.

In a few days,

MAY HAMILTON: An Autobiography. By JULIA TILT, Author of "Laura Talbot," "Lays of Alma." One Vol. 10s. 6d.

L. BOOTH, 307, Regent-street.

Just published, One Vol., price 6s. extra boards,

THE SPIRITUALIST: A Short Exposition of Psychology, based on Material Truths, and of the Faith to which it leads. By D. F. G.

L. BOOTH, 307, Regent-street.

Just published, One Vol., Post 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

PERRY'S ESSAYS, in Prose and Verse, containing Australian Sketches—The Early Years of Pitt—Pitt and Wilberforce—Miscellaneous Poetry, contributed to an Amateur Magazine.

L. BOOTH, 307, Regent-street.

Now Ready, post 8vo, price 6s.

CONVERSATIONS ON TOPICS OF INTEREST BETWEEN TWO FRIENDS, AND EXTRACTS FROM THE PAPERS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

SAUNDERS AND OXLEY, Publishers, Conduit-street.

The Second Edition, Revised, 7s.

CAUTIONS FOR THE TIMES. Edited by the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

This volume consists of Papers by several Writers, the chief of whom was Dr. FITZGERALD, the present Bishop of Cork.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

In Two Volumes, 8vo, with Two Portraits, bound in cloth, price 30s.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF GOETHE, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from published and unpublished sources. By G. H. LEWES.

"A work which beyond question surpasses everything which even Germany has produced during the last five-and-twenty years. . . . For the first time, the life of our poet is represented in its fulness, with genial conception and loving enthusiasm; his noble personality from every side depicted with clearness and truth; Goethe's life has almost always in Germany been handled either by learned Professors or constructive Philosophers. In Lewes, on the contrary, we see a man who, to profound and comprehensive culture, adds that other culture which a rich and varied inward and outward life alone can bestow, and which brings him into congenial relationship with a poet like Goethe, so as to enable him to place before us a true and lifelike picture of Goethe's personality. . . . It is a work which will secure Lewes an enduring name, not only in the literature of his nation, but also in that which Goethe called the World's literature."—*Cologne Gazette*.

London: D. NUTT 270, Strand.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

OXFORD ESSAYS, 1857.

CONTENTS:

- The Place of Homer in Education and in History.* By the Right Honourable W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., M.A. Christchurch.
- Sicily.* By M. E. GRANT DUFF, M.A., Balliol College.
- Schemes of Christian Comprehension.* By the Rev. H. B. WILSON, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College.
- Ancient Greece and Medieval Italy.* By E. A. FREEMAN, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College.
- The Burnett Prizes.* By the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Astronomy, Oriel College.
- The Jews of Europe in the Middle Ages.* By J. H. BRIDGES, B.A., Fellow of Oriel.
- Montaigne's Essays.* By the Rev. W. R. CHURCH, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel.
- Characteristics of Thucydides.* By W. Y. SELLAR, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel.
- 8vo, 7s. 6d. *In a few days.*

THE KINGDOM AND PEOPLE OF SIAM. By Sir JOHN BOWRING, F.R.S., Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China. With Map and Illustrations, 32s.

THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By ARTHUR HELPS. The Third Volume, with Maps, 8vo, 16s. Vols. I. and II., 23s.

HISTORY OF NORMANDY AND OF ENGLAND. By Sir FRANCIS PALGRAVE. The Second Volume, 21s. The First Volume, 21s.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN, AFTER THE AUTHORIZED VERSION. Newly compared with the Original Greek, and revised, by Five Clergymen—

JOHN BARROW, D.D. | HENRY ALFORD, B.D.
GEORGE MOBERLY, D.C.L. | WILLIAM G. HUMPHREY, B.D.
CHARLES J. ELLICOTT, M.A.
Royal 8vo, 2s. 6d.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY. By W. A. MILLER, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry at King's College. Third and Concluding Part, 20s. Part I., 10s. 6d. Part II., 16s.

DYNEVOR TERRACE; OR, THE CLUE OF LIFE. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Two Vols., Fcap. 8vo. *In the Press.*

STILL WATERS. By the Author of "Dorothy." Two Vols., 9s.

ANCIENT POEMS, BALLADS, AND SONGS OF THE PEASANTRY. With Introductions and Notes. By ROBERT BELL. 2s. 6d.

THOUGHTS FOR THE HOLY WEEK. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." *On the 17th.*

ORESTES AND THE AVENGERS. An Hellenic Mystery. In Three Acts. 2s. 6d.

HISTORY OF THE INDUCTIVE SCIENCES. By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Third and Cheaper Edition. Three Vols., small 8vo. *Nearly ready.*

BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Library Edition, 8vo, thoroughly revised and much enlarged. *Nearly ready.*

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION. By F. C. MASSINGBERD, M.A., Rector of South Ormsby. Third Edition, revised, 6s.

CHARGES ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE CRIMINAL LAW, THE REPRESSION OF CRIME, AND THE REFORMATION OF OFFENDERS. By MATTHEW DAVENPORT HILL, Q.C., Recorder of Birmingham. With additional facts and arguments in support of the Views therein set forth. 8vo. *Nearly ready.*

STATE PAPERS AND CORRESPONDENCE, illustrative of the Political and Social State of Europe, from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover. With Historical Introduction, Memoirs, and Notes. By J. M. KEMBLE, M.A. 16s.

ON METHODS OF OBSERVATION AND REASONING IN POLITICS. By the Right Honourable Sir G. CORNEWALL LEWIS, Bart., M.P. Two Vols., 25s.

BACON'S ESSAYS. With Annotations. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Second Edition. 10s. 6d.

PRINCIPLES AND MAXIMS OF JURISPRUDENCE. By J. G. PHILLIMORE, M.P., Q.C. 12s.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE FALL OF WOLSEY TO THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH. By J. A. FROUDE, M.A. Vols. I. and II., 26s.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD. By W. MASSEY, M.P. Vol. I., 12s.

THE SENSES AND THE INTELLECT. By ALEX. BAIN, M.A. 15s.

OF THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS: An Essay. Fourth Edition. 6s.

THE MEDITERRANEAN: A Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical. By Admiral SMYTH. 15s.

CLOISTER LIFE OF CHARLES THE FIFTH. By W. SKIRLING, M.P. Third Edition. 5s.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF MAN. By Dr. TODD, F.R.S., and W. BOWMAN, F.R.S. With numerous original Illustrations. Complete in Two Vols., 42s.

ON MEDICAL EVIDENCE AND TESTIMONY IN CASES OF LUNACY. By T. MAYO, M.D., F.R.S., President of the College of Physicians. 3s. 6d.

LONDON: JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

NEW WORKS.

1. **A TARANTASSE JOURNEY THROUGH EASTERN RUSSIA IN THE AUTUMN OF 1856.** By W. SPOTTISWOODE, M.A. Crown 8vo. Map and Illustrations. *[Just ready.]*

2. **BARCHESTER TOWERS.** By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "The Warden." 3 vols. Post 8vo. *[Just ready.]*

3. **QUEDAH; OR, STRAY LEAVES FROM A MALAYAN JOURNAL.** By Captain S. OSBORN, R.N., C.B. Chart and Illustrations. Post 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

4. **CAPTAIN OSBORN'S NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN M'CLURE'S DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.** Second Edition. Portrait, Chart, Plates. 8vo, price 15s.

5. **CAPTAIN BURTON'S PILGRIMAGE TO MEDINA AND MECCA.** Second Edition. Coloured Plates, &c. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, price 24s.

6. **THE CHINESE EMPIRE.** By the Abbé HUC, Translated with the Author's sanction. Second Edition. With coloured Map. 2 vols. 8vo, price 24s.

7. **CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA, TARTARY, AND THIBET.** By the Abbé HUC. Translated with the Author's sanction. 2 vols. 8vo.

8. **CHRISTIAN RECORDS: a Short History of the Apostolic Age.** By L. A. MERIVALE. Fcap. 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

9. **JEWISH LITERATURE, FROM THE EIGHTH TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.** By M. STEINSCHNEIDER. 8vo, price 12s.

10. **MANUAL OF RELIGION AND OF THE HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.** By K. O. BRETSCHNEIDER. Post 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

11. **MORNING CLOUDS.** Post 8vo, price 7s. "A book of a high order of practical ethics, specially addressed to young women, in form of counsel, encouragement, and sympathy."—*Literary Gazette.*

12. **COSTA'S ELI.** Hand Edition. Full Score, arranged for the Pianoforte. Small Music size, price 8s.

13. **LIFE OF ADMIRAL PARRY.** By his Son, the Rev. E. PARRY, M.A. Portrait and Map. Post 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

14. **NAPOLEON THE THIRD: Review of his Life, &c.** By a BRITISH OFFICER. 8vo, price 14s.

15. **MR. J. S. HARFORD'S LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.** Portrait and Plates. 2 vols. 8vo, price 25s.

16. **DR. A. H. HASSALL'S PLAIN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE DISCOVERY OF ADULTERATIONS IN FOOD AND MEDICINE.** 225 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, price 17s. 6d.

17. **THE ANGLER IN THE LAKE DISTRICTS.** By JOHN DAVY, M.D., F.R.S. Fcap. 8vo. *[Just ready.]*

18. **VALISNERIA; OR, A MIDSUMMER DAYS DREAM.** By EMILY PFEIFFER. Fcap. 8vo, with Vignette, price 6s.

19. **COLONEL TORRENS ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICAL OPERATION OF SIR R. PEELE'S ACT OF 1844.** Second Edition. 8vo, price 8s. 6d.

20. **AN ELEMENTARY ENGLISH GRAMMAR.** By the Viscount DOWNE. 18mo, price 1s.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

London: Printed by THOMAS CHRYSTE SAVILL and JAMES ALLON EDWARDS, at their office, 4, Chandos-street, Covent-garden, in the County of Middlesex, and Published by JOHN WILKIN PARKER and Son, at 443, West Strand, in the same County—March 14, 1857.